New Edition.

POEMS

BY THE

REVERAND

JOSIAH RELPH,

OF

SEBERGHAM.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON

His Death.

BY THOMAS SANDERSON.

ET NOS IN ARCADIA.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Rev^d. Jonathan Boucher,

AS A TRIBUTE OF JUST ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF HIS GENERAL

PATRONAGE OF GENIUS,

AND THAT OF THIS

HIS NATIVE COUNTY

IN PARTICULAR;

AND ALSO

OF GRATITUDE FOR HIS ENDEAVOURS TO

RESCUE FROM OBLIVION,

AFTER LONG NEGLECT,

THE MERITS AND THE MEMORY

OF THE

Deceased Author,—

THIS EDITION

OF

Relph's Poems

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

[NOV. 11, 1797.]

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THE LIFE OF
The Rev. Josiah Relph.

JOSIAH RELPH was born near the close of the year 1712, of a respectable family at SEBERGHAM CHURCH-TOWN, a delightful village on the banks of the river CALDEW, in the vicinity of CARLISLE.

His father, who was possessed of some small landed property, was twice married; and as far as an estimate can be made from outward appearances, enjoyed with both partners that degree of domestic happiness which the rich may envy, but which the rich cannot always attain. By his first wife he had three sons (one of whom is the subject of these memoirs) and a daughter. By his second wife he had a daughter, now living, who married a clergyman of the name of NICHOLSON.

The inclinations of JOSIAH led him to the Church, as most favourable to his literary turn of mind and propensity for solitude. His infirm and sickly constitution seemed not calculated to support the fatigues of a more active line of life. After he was instructed in the rudiments of

classical learning at the GRAMMAR-SCHOOL of APPLEBY, at that time taught with great credit and reputation by Mr. RICHARD YATES, M. A. he was sent at the age of fifteen to the COLLEGE at GLASGOW, where he was noted for his genius, his learning, and his application. He continued at that Seminary but a short time, being obliged, from the lowness of his finances, to return to his native part; where, as something was to be done to gain a livelihood, he undertook the humble though useful employment of a School-master, and taught the elements of reading and the classics with such success, that his native parish is indebted to him for that pre-eminence in literature that it at present enjoys. At SEBERGHAM, it is not uncommon to see the husbandman amusing himself, in the intervals of his toil, with a VIRGIL or a HORACE.

A teacher of a Village-School, whatever his importance may be to society and to learning, is but one remove from the pressure of absolute want. RELPH's earnings from his school did not perhaps amount to more than 15 or 20*l.* a year; a poor reward for a man of genius and letters!

At the canonical age he entered into orders, and was appointed to the *perpetual Curacy* of SEBERGHAM, which at that time did not exceed 30*l.* a year, including an annual donation of 5*l.* which the gratitude of his audience contributed. This was all the ecclesiastical preferment which

he ever obtained, or which he, indeed, ever requested; for philosophy had previously regulated his wishes, and taught him the great lesson of contentment. His income, having no charge from luxury and artificial wants, was (as he prettily expresses it in the "POET'S PETITION") "too great for contempt, and for envy too small."

His immediate predecessor in the Church at SEBERGHAM was the Rev. JAMES KENNERS, a native of SCOTLAND; a man of little pretensions to literary fame, but one who had read the Scriptures with attention, and expounded them to his parishioners with success.—His manners are said to have carried an air of puritanical severity: but they were rather formal than rigid; and the austerity that they sometimes assumed was rather affected than constitutional, and always relaxed in sight of an *elbow chair*, a *smoking pipe*, and a *flaggon of ale*. He was, in fact, of a social disposition, and loved a glass and a joke; though he neither pushed the one to intemperance, nor carried the other to buffoonery. In his clerical conduct there was not much to blame, if we except one *uncanonical* act, which, though he did it with the best intentions, became a source of uneasiness to him during the remaining period of his life. He had a housekeeper with sufficient beauty to captivate the affections of a young man, the son of a neighbouring *Laird*. The youth, having made a fruitless application to his father for permission to marry the girl, found he

had but one alternative—either to sacrifice his inclinations to his duty, or his duty to the feelings of a lover. He chose the latter; and prevailed upon KENYERS to perform the marriage ceremony clandestinely—in his own house, and at the hour of midnight. The transaction, however, was soon made known to the old man, who, under the first emotions of his anger, could think of no milder punishment for the disobedience of his son, than that of disinheritance. This cruelty (for such treatment deserves no softer name) made such an impression on the mind of the youth, that he literally died of a broken heart, leaving his widow and an infant son to the protection of KENYERS, who received them in a manner that was highly honourable to his feelings.

SEDBERGHAM at the beginning of the present century, the time when KENYERS entered upon the Curacy, was, like many other sequestered provincial places, only noted for the beauties of its situation. The fertility of its soil, its woods, its rivers, and its valleys, procured it the praises of travellers, but that was all. The natives were indolent, ignorant, and very superstitious; having all the rusticity of manners belonging to a pastoral life, without its innocence. KENYERS, though regular in the discharge of his parochial duties, and with a character not unpopular, was not able to effect any important alteration in their conduct and morals; and it was solely

owing to the labours of JOSIAH RELPH, who united the offices of Schoolmaster and Minister, that a complete moral revolution took place in their thoughts and manner of living. By his instructions they became better and wiser men: they acquired learning, and were taught its application to the great purposes of life. Moral and religious habits were formed; the ideas were turned into a new channel; and the mind, recovering its dignity, rose superior to local prejudices and superstitions.

Such were the services of this good man, of whom the world was soon to be deprived. About the year 1740, his health was visibly upon the decline. Symptoms of a consumption began to appear; and medical aid was found ineffectual to stop its progress. He died JUNE 26, (O.S.) 1743, in the house in which he drew his first breath; and with that composure of mind which invariably distinguishes the closing hours of a good man. A neat mural monument was, in 1794, erected to his memory by a learned friend, with the following inscription:

M. S.

Reverendi viri JOSIÆ RELPH;
Cujus id erat ingenium, ea eruditio,
Et tantus animæ candor, morumque sanctitas,
Ut illustrius quodlibet in Ecclesia munus
Digne sustinuisset et ornasset.
Deo aliter visum est;
Partes ergo humiliores, haud forsan inutiliores,
Ludimagistri, et hujusce Ecclesiæ sacerdotis

Libenter excepit:
Et constantissime explevit.
Camænis amicus, mores agrestes,
Quasi alter THEOCRITUS, feliciter cecinit.
De brevitate vitæ LECTOR, ne queraris:
En virum brevis ævi, si numerentur anni,
Sin recte facta et virtutes spectes, longissimi;
Hic etenim, magno cum dolore omnium,
Sibi vero maximo cum lucro,
Ante obiit quam annum 32dum. absolvisset,
vi Cal. JULII, A. D. 1743.

TRANSLATION.

Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. JOSIAH RELPH;
Whose Genius and Learning,
Whose Candour of Mind, and Purity of Morals,
Would have adorned and properly supported the Dignity
Of the highest Station in the Church.
But HEAVEN ordered it otherwise:
It was his Lot to move in the humbler,
Though not less useful Sphere
Of a Schoolmaster and Minister of this Parish;
He undertook their Duties chearfully,
And discharged them faithfully.
He was a POET:
Of the simple Manners of a rural Life
His Pastorals,
Like those of THEOCRITUS, are happily descriptive.
READER,
Complain not of the Brevity of Life:
The Man, whose Loss we lament, died prematurely,
If we reckon up his Years;
But when we consider the Number of his virtuous Actions,
He seems to have reached the most advanced Age.
His Death (a Subject of Grief to all,
Though to himself an advantageous Event)
Happened JUNE 26, 1743,
Before he had completed the 32nd Year of his Age.

RELPH, in stature, was above the middle size, and but slender. His aspect carried something in it that was rather severe and forbidding;—something that impressed awe, and evinced the superiority and independence of his mind.

In his meals he was rigidly temperate, confining himself entirely to milk and vegetables, and tasting no other beverage than water. The whole year with him was but *one meagre Lent*. Even at Christmas, when every Cumbrian villager gives a loose to mirth and festivity, he remained a solitary instance of sobriety and a guarded temperance.

To the simplicity of his regimen some have attributed the shortness of his life, without considering whether it was not best adapted to the natural temperament of his constitution, to his literary and solitary habits, and to the inactivities of a sedentary profession. That he died young we have to regret; but let not our sorrow be heightned by the reflection that he sacrificed a useful life to the whim and peculiarities of his temper.

He was never married, though it cannot be said that he was altogether insensible to the charms of beauty. His "*bonny smurkin Sally*," whose praises he so sweetly celebrates in one of his songs, was, if village-chronicles may be credited, a Miss SALLY HOLMES, a young nymph of a neighbouring valley, who, at a period of life when the heart is most susceptible

of tender impressions, had engaged his attention and affections; and whom we may suppose kind, as he does not, in any of his songs, complain of her cruelties. Yet perhaps no poet, with as many amorous effusions, felt love so little as RELPH. His lyre was so fond of the loves of swains and rural dames, that, whenever he wished to change its notes, it became, like ANACREON's, rebellious to the touch.——*Ερωτας αντιφωνει. It vibrated with the notes of love.*

He was of a reserved temper, but not unsocial; and his behaviour guarded but not distant and formal. In conversation he was modest and unassuming; and was never known to carry himself in that authoritative manner that pays no deference to the opinions of others. He had made such a low estimate of his poetical powers that he could never be prevailed upon to publish any of his productions.

He often shunned and never sought company. His walks were solitary and generally by moon-light, along the margin of rivers, in woods, in dells, and in valleys. His evenings, in Summer, were usually spent at a place called *Cragg-Top*, a romantic eminence, overshadowed with trees, and commanding a most beautiful view of the vale of CALDEW. At this place he had his "*Favourite Fountain*," a fish-pond, and a table and seat cut out of the natural rock. In this sweet retreat he wrote his Pastorals. His Sermons, and graver compositions, were mostly

studied in the Church, amidst the silence and solemnity of midnight. The noise of his footsteps at this unusual hour among the aisles, accompanied with odd sort of mutterings, afforded a supplement to the tale of superstition; and at a time when the agency of departed spirits in the affairs of this world was generally believed, it was not long before he found that he passed for one who had left the mansions of the dead, for the purpose of revealing some great secret to mortal ears. But none of the trembling villagers ever summoned up the resolution to speak to him, and say, with HAMLET,

> Be thou a Spirit of Health or Goblin damn'd,
> Be thy Intents wicked, or charitable,
> I'll speak to thee!———

Among RELPH's particular friends, were the late Rev. JOHN COWPER, of PENRITH (to whom some of his pieces are addressed) and a Captain CROSBY, two gentlemen as opposite in their characters as light and darkness; the one being regular and systematical in his life, the other, like many of his profession, thoughtless and eccentric. The Captain, at a very late period of life, used to attend the Jubilee at GREYSTOCKE CASTLE, a festival recurring every fifth year, and accompanied with all the honest freedom of old English hospitality. His vivacity always animated the circle; for amidst the convivialities

of the place he forgot the burthen of age. In a song that was sung upon the occasion, he was thus noticed:

Advanc'd to Life's remotest Stage,
Here CROSBY sits, the Pride of Age;
A Soldier he, whose dauntless Soul
Ne'er flinch'd the *Battle* or the *Bowl.*

To say that RELPH had many failings would be asserting more than what is true; and to say that he had none would be making him more than man. In a Biographical Preface to the first edition of his Poems, we are told, that he was much addicted to passion, but that he endeavoured, and not without success, to subject it to the curb of reason. This may be true; but he was not philosopher enough to guard his mind against other enemies, less violent indeed in their attacks, but carrying, by a slow and gradual progress, more sure destruction to its peace and composure. He discovered, at times, a certain peevishness of temper, which the officiousness of his friends tended rather to encrease than remove. In the latter part of his life he brooded over so many imaginary evils, that he left his father's roof, under which he began to persuade himself that no domestic comfort could be found, and removed to the house of a friend, where he remained till the infirmities of his health rendered necessary all the affectionate attention of his parents.

The relation of his *weaknesses* rather excites our compassion than surprise: it gives no new fact to the HISTORY OF MAN: for *there* we frequently observe, in the same mind, an unaccountable mixture of the most elevated ideas and the most childish follies. Whatever were his failings, let us drop a tear of pity over them, and turn to the general lustre of his moral and religious character.

Humane, charitable, and benevolent, he had the good of his fellow-creatures much at heart; and neglected no opportunity of advancing it. Though his beneficence was confined within the limits of a small income, yet his feelings expanded as far as misery and misfortune were diffused.

In the church, by the gravity of his deportment and a certain honest warmth in the delivery of his discourses, he gave efficacy to his precepts and solemnity to public worship. He used no rhetorical flourishes,—no pompous parade of words. He was a plain man, and spoke *home* to his audience. Nor were his instructions and devotion local and circumscribed. He always lived under a proper sense of the Divine favours; and sought, at all times and in all places, to advance the great interests of his fellow-creatures, by impressing upon them the awful truths which he himself so strongly felt; for he had a higher idea of his professional duties than to restrict them to the formal performance of prescribed

services and ritual injunctions; which, though this mere official instruction might content his audience and secure him from the censure of his diocesan, could not gain him the approbation of his own breast. A clergyman only negatively good, is positively criminal.

At a time when the rude hand of theological controversy was loosening the sacred bonds of amity and benevolence betwixt man and man, he endeavoured, within the small circle of his influence, to soften the acrimony of parties, to diffuse a catholic and tolerant temper, and "to teach the milk of human kindness to flow all-cheerly." Men of different religious sentiments were sure to have his esteem and friendship, if they exemplified the sincerity of their profeſſions by the integrity of their lives. Persecution, so opposite to the very fundamental virtues of Chriſtianity, he considered as a cruel proof of POWER, not as a convincing testimony of TRUTH.

His benevolence and zeal for the cause of religion, he exemplified in many instances, but they were never more conspicuously illustrated than in his last hours, a time when human praise and human rewards cease to operate on our conduct. He sent for such of his poor parishioners as had shewn an exemplary patience and resignation under their distresses; and, after making them pecuniary presents, as great as his circumstances would allow, exhorted them to a continued reliance on religious consolation for

support, which had hitherto been found adequate to their relief under their severest trials.

At the close of this moving scene, his scholars came into his chamber to take their last leave of him. To this solemn and truly affecting interview the nervous lines of a living poet may be justly applied:

> His last of Days the noblest Lesson taught:
> Severe Instruction! and too dearly bought!
>
> HAYLEY.

It is to be regretted that the last address to them by their dying tutor, cannot, at this time, be verbally related; but the substance of it was as follows:

"You see before you," said he, "a man who in a few days will be laid in his grave. I have frequently, in the immediate line of my duty, administered to you moral and religious instruction in common with the rest of my parishioners. My declining health has for sometime prevented me from meeting you in places of public worship. Perhaps a lesson, at this time and at this place, that comes to you warm from the heart, without the formality of a public discourse, may make an impression on your memory that will be useful to your future life.

"It was ever my wishes, and the chief end of my labours, to cultivate in your minds the earliest sentiments of Religion, which in every stage and situation of life is the foundation of every good, social and moral; of every human comfort and satisfaction. Pious habits, early formed, will be confirmed by good company and devout conversation, as well as by serious reading and solitary retirement. The BIBLE should be read frequently, and with attention. It will afford relief to the mind when all other human resources fail; in sickness and in sorrow,

under the burden of old age, and at the hour of death. Truſt to it implicitly as your guide, and let not the ſophiſtical arguments, or ſilly cavils of ſcepticiſm, diſturb your belief; for men of this deſcription miſtake impiety for wit, and licentiouſneſs of thought for the philoſophy of a liberal mind.

"Your firſt duties are owed to that eternal Power, *in whom we move, act, and have our being*. Think of him with reverence. Pray to him conſtantly and fervently. Your inmoſt boſom lies open to him; he ſees you in all places, and knows your thoughts and deſigns, as well as your moſt ſecret actions, and will regard you according to their moral purity and goodneſs. In your progreſs through life, where you may have many hardſhips and difficulties to ſtruggle with, and few friends willing, or able, to aſſiſt you, how conſolotary is it to be under the protection of Heaven.

"Let not the deſire of worldly honours engroſs your minds to the excluſion of more important concerns. Fame, power, wealth, and ſtation, are to be conſidered only as ſecondary regards, deriving their importance from the means they afford of enlarging the ſphere of our uſefulneſs to our fellow-creatures. Even the ambition of literary diſtinction ought not to be indulged beyond a certain limit. If you ſacrifice your health, on which the activity of virtue in a great meaſure depends, to its purſuit; if it induce you to look down, in a fancied ſuperiority, upon thoſe who have not been endowed with the ſame vigour of intellect, or have not had the ſame opportunities of improvement, your attainments no longer retain their value; and every ſtep, in your literary aſcent, becomes but ſo many gradations of folly and guilt.

"We often obſerve in youth a ſtrange indifference to their moſt important concerns, a ſort of thoughtleſs levity that extends not its views beyond the preſent ſcene of things. All our poſſeſſions—power, riches, health, as well as life, are held upon a very precarious tenure; and every

day will shew you instances of their instability, if you will only be at the trouble of noting them. *Set therefore your house in order*, that there may be no confusion when the Visitor comes. Familiarize to your mind, by frequent reflection, the idea of death, that its approaches may be less dreadful. It brings a message that is alarming to the best of men.

"I shall in a few days, or perhaps sooner, be called to render an account of my labours. O! that the words that I have here spoken may have the intended effect, that, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead be raised, you may stand among that righteous number to whom our blessed Redeemer shall say, *Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world.*"

He then took leave of his scholars individually; all of whom shewed every expression of sorrow, veneration, and esteem; for he had been a kind tutor to them, though, from a conviction of its necessity and an anxious regard for their future welfare, he had maintained his authority over them by rather a rigorous discipline:

"Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
"The Love he bore to Learning was in Fault."

He bequeathed his Poems (and it is seldom that poets have more to bequeath) to a gentlewomen in his neighbourhood, who had too much judgment not to discover their beauties, and too much veneration for the memory of her ingenious friend to withhold from the public so striking a proof of his genius and abilities. They were therefore, previous to their publication, put into the hands of the late Rev. T. Denton, M. A.

of ASHTEAD, in SURREY, for revision and correction, who was himself a scholar, a poet, and a good man.

That RELPH is not more generally known as a poet, must be rather ascribed to the provincial dialect in which some of his best pieces are written, than to any deficiency in poetical merit. He did not, indeed, aspire to the higher efforts of poetry; but what he attempted leaves us to regret that he did not write more. In ease and simplicity, and a picturesque delineation of rural life, I do not know that he is excelled by any of those who bear the exalted name of "POETS OF NATURE." His Pastorals, if they had been less uniform in their plan and sentiments, and more diversified in local imagery, by admitting a wider range of rural life, would have presented us with a more faithful picture of pastoral manners and customs than has yet been given. The sentiments are natural and appropriate; and the language is familiar without grossness: it is never elevated above the rural character by too much refinement, nor ever depressed below it by disgusting vulgarity. His swains discover their fears and their hopes, their intentions and their sentiments, like honest men, whom an intercourse with the world has not taught disguise. Their conversation, though illiterate and unpolished, is that of rational beings; it is not disgraced by absurdities, nor made ridiculous by puerilities: it often discovers ignorance, but never folly.

His other pieces, in general, discover the traces of a lively imagination. As he viewed rural scenes with the fine eye of a poet, he frequently presents us, in all the beauty of poetic colours, with transcripts faithful to their originals.

The verses to a "*Favourite Fountain*" deserve every praise. An ode with more spirit and lively vigour never came from the lyre of ANACREON. It possesses, also, that sort of merit which the compositions of the old Grecian wanted; for it is moral, sentimental, and philosophical.

In his songs we find what all songs ought to possess—sweetness and simplicity; and if they be thought to want originality in the imagery and thoughts, there is generally more force and a neater turn given to the expression, and more harmony and variety to the measure.

His fables are told with ease and perspicuity; and always convey to the mind, by a natural application, some moral instruction that has never been inculcated, or inculcated with less vigour, or a less pleasing manner by other Fabulists.

His attainments in literature were greater than what we usually expect at his years. He was a great admirer of the antient poets, especially HORACE and ANACREON, and read their works with enthusiasm; as his taste was chaste and classical, and his judgment discerning and correct, he quickly discovered and felt, in all its

force, every sentimental or descriptive beauty that distinguished their writings. Without descending to the minuteness of verbal criticism, he caught the general spirit and manly vigour of the originals.

Besides the original pieces and translations that have been already published, he wrote, at a very early age, others of a miscellaneous nature, not indeed of equal merit, but certainly entitled to our notice as the productions of his boyish years. Many of the Greek and Roman writers he either wholly or partially translated. Among his unpublished translations of the classics, may be reckoned—CICERO's *Treatise of Consolation*; EPICTETUS's *Enchiridion*; the *Table of* CEBES; the *Epistles of* PLINY; and several *Orations* from CICERO and ISOCRATES. So great was his literary industry, that it may be truly said of him "*Nulla dies sine linea.*"

A Pastoral Elegy

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

The Rev. Josiah Relph.

I ASK'D of a SHEPHERD, who press'd
A Bank where the Primroses blow;
Whose Cares had not sadden'd his Breast,
Though AGE had indented his Brow—

I ask'd him to shew me the Seat,
The Arbour where CORYDON play'd,
Whose Warblings so sweetly did meet
The Chorus that came from the Glade.

'That Arbour' (he said with a Sigh)
'With Chaplets of SORROW is crown'd,
'And the Pipe, that bade RAPTURE be nigh,
'No more spreads the Magic of Sound!

'Can the Sun when it crimsons the Hill,
'Or gilds with rich Lustre the Lawn—
'Can the soft-soothing Voice of the Rill
'Delight when our CORYDON's gone!

'Beneath yon rude Thorn he repos'd,
'When SPRING had enamel'd each Scene;
'When SUMMER, in Splendour, had clos'd,
'And AUTUMN had mellow'd the Green.

'In WINTER so wild and so drear,
'In Woodlands depriv'd of their Shade,
'He roam'd mid the Waste of the Year,
'And mourn'd o'er each Flow'ret decay'd!

'Where dew-dropping Willows complain
'To Streamlets that wander beneath,
'The ECHOES repeated his Strain,
'While the LOVES were entwining his Wreath.

'The first Time he breath'd on his Reed,
'And gave its wild Notes to the Wind,
'The Swains of the Valley decreed
'A Garland—the Type of his Mind.

'The Pink and the Lily were there,
'The Laurel (the Emblem of Fame);
'The Rose, that can vie with the FAIR,
'But, *in Blushes*, renounces its Claim.

'Still sacred to GRIEF be the Bow'rs
'That rise on the Verge of yon Grove,
'Where INNOCENCE gathers her Flowers
'To weave the fond Garlands of LOVE:

'*There* CORYDON's health did decline,
'Like Lilies that droop in the Dale;
'*There* SORROW did sprinkle his Shrine,
'Like Dews that descend on the Vale!

'What Bosom refuses to mourn,
'Besides the green Leaf of his Yew?
'He gave us a Lesson* to learn,
'As, dying, he bade us Adieu!

---

* Alluding to his farewel Address to his Pupils.—See his Life.

'Sunk, in Shade, lies the Pride of the Grove,
'When the Beam fades at Eve on yon Height;
'But we saw all his *Virtues* improve,
'When the Ray of his Life set in Night.

'REMEMBRANCE shall dwell on his Lay,
'That chas'd every Woe but DESPAIR;
'That sooth'd, at the Fall of the Day,
'So softly the Vigils of CARE.

'On the Breast of yon Stream*, as it flows,
'Shall the Tribute of SORROW be shed;
'While the YEW drops the Dews from its Boughs
'To impearl the green Turf of his Bed!'

The SHEPHERD then rose on his Crook,
As the Shades of the Ev'ning were near;
In Silence, he paus'd on a Brook,
And I bade him farewel with a Tear!

---

* His "FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN."

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Pastorals, &c.

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

HARVEST:

OR,

THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD,

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

When welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove,
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling show'rs to mind;
A distant solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought:

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my outside heat;
Thur callar blasts may wear the boilen sweat:
But my het bluid, my heart aw in a bruil,
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here, here it was, a wae light on the pleace,
At first I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace:
Blyth on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer
At the deail-head unluckily we shear:
Heedless I glim'd, nor cou'd my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid; the shearers aw brast out
In sweels of laughter; Betty luik'd about;
Reed grew my fingers,—reeder far my feace:
What cou'd I de in seck a dispert kease?

Away I sleeng'd, to Grandy meade my mean;
My Grandy (God be wud her, now she's geane)
Skilfu' the gushen bluid wi' cockwebs staid,
Then on the sair an healen plaister laid;
The healen plaister eas'd the painful sair,
The arr indeed remains, but naething mair.

Not sae that other wound, that inward smart;
My Grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart:
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruive;
For nin but she has skill to medcin luive.

But how shou'd honest Betty give relief?
Betty's a parfet stranger to my grief:
Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain;
Oft I've resolved indeed—but all in vain:
A springin blush spred fast owr aither cheek,
Down Robin luik'd and deuce a word cou'd speak.

Can I forget that night! (I never can)
When on the clean sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran:
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed;
The lads as busy minded every thread:
When, sad! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew;
To me it meade—the lads began to glop—
What cou'd I de? I mud, mud take it up:
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reached it back without the sweet reward.

O lastin stain! even yet it's eith to treace
A guilty conscience in my blushen feace:
I fain wad wesh it out, but never can;
Still fair it bides, like blood of sackless man.

Nought sae was Wully bashfu'—Wully spyd
A pair of scissars at the lass's side;
Thar lowsed, he sleely dropt the spinnel down—
And what said Betty?—Betty struive to frown;
Up flew her hand to souse the cowren lad,
But ah, I thought it fell not down owr sad:
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat;
My teeth aw' watterd then, and watter yet.

Een weel is he 'at ever he was bworn!
He's free frae aw this bitterment and scworn:
What mun I still be fashed wi' straglen-sheep;
Wi' far-fetched sighs, and things I said a-sleep;
Still shamefully left snafflen by my sell,
And still, still dog'd wi' the damn'd neame mell?

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the deuc ga' wi't!)
The pith I showd when e'er we struive, to beat
When a lang lwonin through the cworn I mead
And, bustlin far behind the leaive survey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane, and comes
nae mair
Till Betty's kindness sall the loss repair;
And she's not like (how sud she?) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind;
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,
Oiled my slow tongue, and edged my sheepish
een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—shem
faw't;
Some-thing o', compliments I think they caw't:
At meakes a clownish lad a clever spark;
O hed I this! this buik wad de my wark;
And I's resolved to hav't whatever't cost:
My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's lost!
And if sae bonny a lass but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait beside.

Farewel my flute then, yet or Carlisle fair;
When to the Stationer's I'll stright repair,
And bauldly for thur compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the 'prentice jeer.

That duine—a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write;
A letter 'at sall tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and sineways run;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun:
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry;
The lads are gawn to shear—and sae mun I.

HAY-TIME:

OR,

THE CONSTANT COUPLE.

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

WARM shone the sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cool'd by blasts of morning-dew;
When in the field a faithful pair appeared—
A faithful pair, full happily endeared:
Hasty in rows they raked the meadow's pride,
Then sank, amid the softness, side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun;
And thus their artless tale of love begun:

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day seer was never seen;
The greenish sops already luik less green;
As weel the greenish sops will suin be dry'd
As Sawney's bacco spred by th' ingle side.

PEGGY.

And see how finely stripd the fields appear,
Stripd like the gown 'at I on Sundays wear;
White shows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The bluimen pezz green ment wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday clease, and clash their shoon,
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to ROSELY fair,
And mazle up and down the market there,
I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier my sell, if Cursty bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy scy' to swing;
But if my lass a holesome brekfast bring,
Even moving-time is better far I swear,
Than Cursenmas and aw its dainty chear.

PEGGY.

Far is the gursin off, top-full the kits,
But if my Cursty bears the milk by fits,
For gallopin to wakes I ne'er gang wood,
For ev'ry night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember (I remember't weel)
Sin, call wee things, we claver'd owr yon steel;
Lang willy-wands for hoops I yust to bay,
To meake my canny lass a leady gay.

PEGGY.

Then dadged we to the bog owr meadows dree,
To plet a sword and seevy cap for thee;
Set off with seevy cap and seevy sword,
My Cursty luikd as great as anny lword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke full menny a langsome day,
We sat and beelded houses fine o' clay;
For dishes acorn cups stuid dessed in rows,
And broken pots for dublers mens'd the waws.

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than thar,
Far larger dishes, dublers brighter far;
And ever mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me.

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owr thy rows;
Full manny a time I've foughten in thy cause;
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bear thee on my back through thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learned to kest a loup,
Warm mittens wap'd thy fingers warmly up;
And when at heels I spyed thy stockings out,
I darned them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I lik'd to see thee on the fleer
At spworts; if I was tryer, to be seer
I reached the fancy readily to thee,
For nin danced hawf sae weel in Cursty's eye.

PEGGY.

O how I swet, when for the costly prize
Thou grup'd some lusty lad of greater size;
But when I saw him scrawlen on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sae fain.

CURSTY.

See! owr the field the whurlin sunshine whiews,
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues;
From Cursty thus oft Peggy seemed to hast,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddy, seemed indeed,—for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I stummerd, oft I fell,
Pretending some unlucky wramp or strean
For Cursty's kind guid-natured heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of dwallowed hay,
Or the fresh prumrose on the furst of May;
Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples moam,
Nay, sweeter far than sweetest honey-comb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise—the sun's owr Carrack fell;
And luik—whae's yon 'ats walking to the well?*
Up, Cursty, up; for God's sake let me gang,
For fear the Maister put us in a sang.

* The Author's "Favourite Fountain."

St. Agnes' Fast:

OR,

THE AMOROUS MAIDEN.

IN THE

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

How lang I've fasted, and 'tis hardly four;
This day I doubt 'ill ne'er be gitten owr:
And theer as lang a night, aleis! beside;
I all thought Fasts seck fearfu' things to bide.

Fie, Roger, fie! a sairy lass to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undergang:
What gars thee stay!—indeed it's badly duine:
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come suin;

For come thou mun, aw Mothers wise agree;
And Mothers wise can never seer aw lee.

As I was powen pezz to scawd ae night;
O' ane w' neen it was my luck to light:
This, fain, I underneath my bouster laid,
And gat, as fast as e'er I cou'd, to bed:
I dreamt—the pleasant dream I's ne'er forgit:
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A pippen frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose atween my thoom and finger put;
Then cry'd, Whore wons my luive, come te
me true?
And even forret stright away it flew;
It flew as Roger's house it wad hev hit;
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

I laited last aw Hallow-Even lang
For growen nuts the busses neakt amang:
Wi' twea at last I met; to aither nut
I gave a neame, and baith i' th' ingle put;
Right bonnily he burnt, nor flinch'd a-bit;
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

Turnips ae Saturday I pair'd, and yell
A pairing seav'd my sweetheart's neame to tell;
Slap fell it on the fleer; aw ran to view,
And cawt it like a *C*—but cawt not true;
For nought, I's seer, but *R* the scrawl wad fit;
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King-Gweorges I powt out:
Baith, baith (and was not that a pity) went,
And yet I cannot caw them badly spent:
She sign'd a bonny lad and a large kit;
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

When t'other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neest to wed;
Oft owr the shouder flung the stockin fell,
But not yen hat the mark except my sell:
I on her feace directly meade it bit;
And, ah! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

But what need I t' fash me any mare,
He'll be obleeg'd, avoid it ne'er sae sair,

To come at last; its own'd, it seems, to be,
And, weel I waite, what's own'd yen cannot flee
Or sud he never come and thur fulfil;
Sud cruel Roger pruive sae cruel still,
I mun not like a fuil gang fast aw day,
And kest my sell just wittenly away.

She said: and softly slipping cross the floor
With easy fingers op'd the silent door;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down
Purpos'd at lenth the very worst to prove:
'Twas easier sure to die of ought than love. *

* The Person on whom these ludicrous Lines were written, died lately at a very advanced Age.—EDITOR.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

The Walk.

AS through the grove's delicious gloom
With Zephyrissa blessed I roam,
No more the pensive turtles pine;
The turtles lose their love in mine.

The warbler, heedless of his lays,
My Goddess eyes with ardent gaze;
To songs his bosom bids adieu;
His bosom heaves with raptures new.

Officiously the breezes wait
The fair one's fervors to abate:
But soon themselves the breezes glow,
And ask the cooling aid they owe.

Why darts the fair-faced god of day
Amid the boughs so fierce a ray?
The god, invidious, wou'd impair
The beauties of a face more fair.

In robes of richest, rarest dye,
The flowers, enamoured, court her eye;
Then sigh their souls, in zephyrs sweet:
How proud to languish at her feet!

The crowded boughs her bosom kiss,
All trembling with extatic bliss;
Then seize, as oft her swain has done,
Her garment, grieved to part so soon.

O still, my charmer! stay and rove,
Thus still a goddess of the grove!
How tasteless is thy tea, my dear!
And O how sweet our nectar here.

Nor dread the beauteous scene's decay,
If Zephyrissa deigns to stay,
Still beauteous shall the scene appear,
And Spring smile joyous all the year.

TEA.

Let Poets praise, in rapt'rous dreams,
Their pretty Naiads, purling streams;
No stream purls half so sweet as ours,
No Naiad half so pretty pours.

Her powerful cups let Circe bless,
And men transform to savages;
Of happier force, our Charmer's can
Polish the savage into man.

Medea's potions may bestow
On aged blood a youthful flow;
Chloe's, of power yet more uncouth,
Quicken the very flow of youth.

And, Jove, tho' Hebe crown thy treat
With Nectar and Ambrosia sweet;
We envy not, while we can boast
Our as delicious Tea and Toast.

ODE

TO A

Favourite Fountain.

FIES NOBILIUM TU QUOQUE FONTIUM.

HAIL! sweet solace of my care,
As the Sabine fountain fair:
And were mine the Sabine's lays
Thou shou'dst rival it in praise.

Boast old Springs, a sacred train,
Of their Nymphs and Satyrs vain;
Frequent to thy streams repair
Swains as merry, Maids as fair.
Boast old Poets, in their bowers,
To converse with heavenly powers:
Often here, at evening walk,
With the Power Supreme I talk.

Softly hurls the stream along;
O how gentle, yet how strong!
Sweetly murmuring in it's flow,
Nor too loud, nor yet too low:
Touch'd with cold nor heat extreme,
Pierce the frost or beat the beam:
Knowing nor to grow, nor fail,
Rage of storms nor droughts prevail:
Rise the mud, or fall the shower,
Spotless ever, ever pure.

May my life be like my theme,
Such a little chearful stream;
Nor in hurry wildly spent,
Nor quite flat and indolent:
Thus, resistless, let me lay,
Every ear attentive stay,
And each care-distracted breast
Sooth enchantingly to rest.

Let not Fortune's smile or frown
Raise me up or cast me down,
Still the same, unalter'd still,
Change she, fickle, as she will:

May I always be inclin'd
To advantage Human-kind,
But most ready to dispense
Benefits on indigence.

Thro' this world, and it's vain toys,
Sullying pleasures, soiling joys,
Let me wander without blame,
Pure returning as I came.

The Wish.

IF some good-natured Power divine
Shall deign to see this shade of mine,
And if that god (as gods have been
Delighted with a rural scene)
Well-pleased shall promise to impart
The bliss that heaves my longing heart;
This wish I'll readily present,
"Make me in every state content."

TO A *YOUNG LADY* LEARNING ARITHMETIC.

COUNT each beauteous orb of light,
Twinkling in a cloudless night:
Count each painted son of May,
Smiling in a meadow gay:
But ne'er hope to count each grace,
Opening in thy lovely face.

THE

Poet's Wish.

As in a vale, through silent groves,
A little pleasing riv'let roves;
Now here, now there, delights to stray,
And cheats with murm'ring songs the way;
Till weary with the wand'ring race,
It sinks into it's Sire's embrace;—
In some lone place, so pass my life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and strife;
And when my clear, unclouded light,
Gives way to gloomy shades of night,
Weary with sport, with sleep oppress'd,
I'd gently sink to endless rest.

THE

Poet's Petition.

IF Phœbus his Poet's petition wou'd crown,
I'd ask a retreat in a snug country town,
Near which a clear stream in a valley shou'd glide
With fountains, and meadows, and groves by it's side:
And then my ambition no farther shou'd stray,
But to better my life, and to better my lay,
To Virtue's improvement and Vice's decay.

A competent fortune shou'd be my next call,
Too great for contempt, and for envy too small:
I wou'd work, not for need but my fancy to please,
With varied enjoyment of labour and ease.
And then, *&c.*

A friend of like temper and honesty try'd,
Shou'd double my joys, and my sorrows divide:
But far from my cottage let beauty remove,
Nor poison my innocent pleasures with love,
And then, *&c.*

At town I or seldom or never wou'd come,
Unless when no subject of satyr 's at home,
Or (since sweetest pleasures the soonest will cloy)
To give a new relish to surfeiting joy.
And then, &c.

And when those dear blessings no more shall be mine,
Not weary with life, nor yet loth to resign,
In death I wou'd gently dissolve as in rest,
And this Epitaph shou'd be wrote on each breast:
The Poet's ambition no farther did stray,
But to better his life, and to better his lay
To Virtue's improvement and Vice's decay.

LINES

ON A LITTLE MISS BURSTING INTO TEARS UPON READING THE STORY OF THE *BABES IN THE WOOD.*

AS the sad tale, with accents sweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breast
For infant innocence distress'd:
The bosom heaves with rising woe,
Short and confus'd the pauses grow;
Brimful the pretty eye appears,
And—bursts at last a flood of tears.

Sweet softness! still, O still retain
This social heart, this sense humane:
Still kindly for the wretched bleed,
And no returns of pity need.

In plenty flow thy days, and ease,
Soft pleasures all conspire to please;
Long may a Sire's affection bless,
And long a Mother's tenderness.

And thou, O Bard! whose artless tongue,
The sadly pleasing story sung,
With pride a power of moving own,
No tragic Muse has ever known.

Compleat is thy success at last;
The throng admir'd in ages past;
Prais'd lately Addison thy lays,
And Nature's self now deigns to praise.

CELIA SINGING.

WHEN Celia sings, the notes inspire
A still attention round the fire:
Their threads no more the Maidens ply;
Before the Swains the spindles lye;
The Mistress' tongue forgets to move;
And happy I no longer love.

Just so, the truth if Poets tell,
When Orpheus struck his lyre in Hell,
Ixion's wheel was seen to stop;
Ocnus omits to twist his rope;
At large rolls Sisyphus' cask;
Their hissing plagues the Furies spare;
And Tityus' heart, charm'd with the lay
The Vultures cease to make their prey.

THE

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

SINCE my dear Damascena's lost,
The only blessing life cou'd boast,
These streams that roll far, far below,
Shall free me from this state of woe.

Oft in those sweetly-cooling streams,
Oft have I bathed my burning limbs;
Your favours, gentle streams, repeat,
And cool once more my raging heat.

Then to the banks where dwells my dear,
This breathless carcass kindly bear;—
Ah no! in silence waft it by,
For fear the sight offend her eye.

Her charms at leisure to survey,
My ghost shall hover night and day,
Still watching with officious care
Occasions to oblige the Fair.

ON THE

Death of Amyntas.

AMYNTAS is no more!
Ye Virtues, wail the Youth;
For Modesty and Truth
Must never hope to meet
With such an heavenly seat:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more!
The Swain, ye Virgins, mourn;
Ah! never to return!
The pleasures of the Fair
Were still Amintas' care:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more!
Lament your loss, ye Youths;
No more Amyntas smooths,
With converse sweet, the road
Of life, now hardly trod:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

Amyntas is no more!
My friend, my best good friend!
Still let me mourn his end,
The Youths thus ever call,
The Virgins, Virtues all,
Thus ever to deplore
Amyntas now no more.

THE
GARDENS AT CORBY.

For Paradise's seat no more
Let travellers search on Persia's shore:
Its groves still flourishing appear
Upon the East of Eden here.

ON THE
STORMS AT SEA,
AND THE
King's safe Arrival in Britain, 1736-7.

Banish'd the Land by George's late decree,
Discord took sanctuary in the Sea:
Expecting there at least to reign secure,
His plans to frustrate, and defy his power:
But vain her schemes, her expectations vain!
'Tis George's own dominion all, the Main.

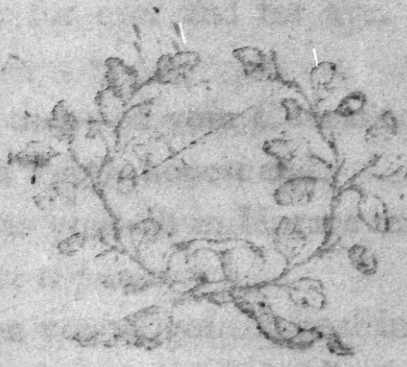
Eliza at Church.

IF e'er a lovely Nymph may claim,
With just pretence, an Angel's name,
'Tis when her God she waits before,
To hear his pleasure and adore.

Lubricilla.

AS Phœbus fair, as Phœbus unconfined;
Like Venus comely, and like Venus kind.

EPISTLES.



EPISTLES.

TO THE

Printer of the Kendal Courant.

IF, my dear friend, you ever aim,
That Kendal match Newcastle's fame,
And Gotton's—White's in printing News;
Then take advices from the Muse;
Advices more material, better
Than ought in Evening-Post or Letter:
Those only serve a single day;
But these for ever and for aye.

Well then—in your Courant, my friend,
Propose a Poet's honest end;
Which, as yourself in Horace may see,
Is *delectare et prodesse:*
And when you've got the goal in view,
Mindless of road march boldly through,

O'er hedge and ditch directly to't;
The road of truth is round about:
What! counsel folks from truth to swerve?
Yes, honest Cotton, lye—or starve.

In this too pattern take from Poets,
Be your theme varied, as you know it's
In Pope, Steel, Prior; and beside in
The "Miscellaneous Works of Dryden."

Let a fine preface lead the way;
There suit the grave, or please the gay,
With Addison's instructive strain,
Or Swift's satyric, hum'rous vein;
Or, wou'd you every heart engage,
Let S——d's lines adorn the page.

Next place a song;—a gentle air
To speak the lover's pleasing care;
Or catch, in brisker measures to tell,
The sprightly joys of friend and bottle.

Then to Heroics raise the stile;
Put bustling Europe in a broil;

Make French, Dutch, Spaniards, Germans,
battle,
Guns flash, swords clash, and cannons rattle;
Till Britain's King bid discord cease,
And frown the tumult into peace.

A Pastoral shou'd follow these;
Shew us the price of Beans and Pease,
Of Oats, of Wheat, of Rye, of Barley,
And if the season's back or early.

(But by the by, be sure ne'er smatter
In politics and party-satyr;
No, ne'er turn factious snarling dog,
Warned by the fate of Mist and Fog.)

Now some sad Elegy present;
A death or dismal accident
In sweetly-sorrowing lines relate;
Oh! hapless, hapless human state!

Lastly, dear Cotton (to conclude,
And send us off in merry mood)

Some entertaining tale devise;
Examples plenty meet your eyes
In authors mentioned hard before,
As Ladle, Miller; forty more:
Or tell us such (for faith they look well)
As once you told of Mouse and Cockle.

Then while (if Poets can divine,
And if a Poet's name be mine)
While Politicians shall peruse,
With dram or penny-pot, the News;
So long shall all of Cotton tell,
The man who writ Courants so well.

TO A

Friend at Oxford.

WHEN country Beaus at some great Fair
Strut up the street with clumsy air,
What peals of laughter fill the shops,
Rais'd by more fashionable Fops:
So fares it with my rustic strain,
(Tho' prais'd by critics of the plain)
When I, rough Bard! to Oxford write,
The seat of Muses more polite;
But if, my friend, I pleasure you,
'Tis not a farthing matter how.

Say, shall I draw some rural scene,
A shady grove, a verdant green;
Or show how sweet the Thrushes sing;
Or speak the bubbling of a spring?
Or I shall tell (if you think meet)
How snug I live in this retreat:

How close I conjure ev'ry care,
Without a wish—I wish I were—
Ah me! 'tis all an empty boast,
There's one—I find it to my cost,
There's one rebellious wish in arms,
In spite of verse and all it's charms.

Thrice happy, who by Isis stream
Enjoys the Muses—in a dream;
In classic grottoes melts away
In visions of poetic day.
O! waft me, gentle gale of air!
O! quickly, quickly waft me there;
And place me underneath a shade
Where Addison and Tickel laid!
Nay tho' I'm pen'd in garret vile,
Tho' Duns be rapping all the while;
Ev'n tho' without (which still is worse)
One "SPLENDID SHILLING" in my purse:
All this I willingly could bear;
'Tis nothing all—since thou art there.

Vade sed incultus——
Hei mihi quòd Domino non licet ire tuo.

To the same.

DEAR Sir, you waste your sacred breath,
You cannot, cannot for your teeth,
Make out that much mistaken Thesis,
The Nine have left the banks of Isis.

Your arguments, I own, have vigour
Of true poetic mood and figure;
But who such arguments can use
Without the presence of the Muse?
In troth, my friend, the more you say
It more convinces—t'other way.

"What? not left Isis! (you object)
"After Smiglecius and his sect
"Had been so impudent and rough,
"How durst they tarry?" Well enough:
For Sol, descending to assist,
From 'foresaid river rais'd a mist;

This, thick as night, his godship threw
Around the lustful, logic crew,
Who marching, grope and grope their way,
As blind as owls in blaze of day.

Meanwhile the Muses, unmolested,
(With airy substances invested,
To keep from common view secure)
Still sport and frolic as before:—

In short, if longer you resist,
You're blinded by a logic mist.

To a Friend.

A BURLESQUE EPISTLE.

DEAR G——.

IN studious sort I'm set here,
To pen a grave poetic letter;
There lies my paper, ready folded,
My pen is full, and here I hold it:
—You wonder then, what makes me stay?—
Why, Sir, I know not what to say.
—Oh!—first your pardon I must seek;
I own I shou'd have writ last week:
And wou'd, but for a private reason,
Which shall be told at proper season:
So, Sir, impute not this neglect
To any want of due respect;
Nor think I ever cou'd transgress
Thro' business or forgetfulness.

Forget thee, G——!—by Jove I'll not;
Sooner shall Laura be forgot:
Sooner shall you affect to wear
A sawcy sour ill-natured air:
Sooner shall Celia slip occasions
Of reck'ning up her rich relations:
Sooner (to sum up all the matter
In two th' unlikeliest things in nature)
Sooner shall K——n despair,
While I'm the favorite of the Fair.

Thus far I've got, with much ado,
(Yourself can best determine how)
What else to say I know no more
Than does of Babylon the Wh—,
'Deed, G——, I'm done, confounded quite;
Dear Phœbus help me to indite,
Or I shall cut the table thro'
And spoil my new-sharp'd penknife too.—
He comes! he comes! (you think I jest,
Why, Sir, I feel him in my breast)
Ten thousand thoughts possess my brain,
All thoughts of true poetic strain;

So fast they struggle to get out
They'll choak the passage faith, I doubt.

Yes! what I fear'd is come to pass,
All my fine thoughts are stopt, alas!
Not one word more I can say to you;
So fare you well, and G—d be wi' you.

To a Rev^d. Friend,

ON HIS VISITING A SICK PERSON.

THIS life oppress'd with grief and care,
The joys of Heaven, so well you paint;
You seem no mortal trav'ling there,
But rather some returning saint.

Now Death, that King of Terrors, wears
A look so mild, I cou'd resign
The pleasing joys of youthful years,
To make the poor man's sickness mine.

Each countenance how chearful grows;
If yet some marks of grief we find,
'Tis not that their relation goes,
But that they're forced to stay behind.

To Mr. John Cowper.*

A BURLESQUE EPISTLE.

DEAR C——R.

WHAT can a body get to do
These winter-evenings? what get you?
I can no longer bear to stoop,
And take the tumbling spindles up;
Nor listen to each frightful story;
Ev'n yet pale spectres stalk before me.

Some new diversions I've been trying:
Before my feet our dog was lying:
"Isp, Coley, Coley," Coley rose,
I slily spat upon his nose;
And when he drew the spittle in,
Chuck went my hand beneath his chin,

* Afterwards "The Rev. Mr. Cowper, B. A. Master of the Grammar School, Penrith."—EDITOR.

And the poor fellow bit his tongue:
But this diversion held not long;
'Twas barbarous to use Coley thus,
I therefore fell to play with puss:—

My handkerchief hang dangling down;
The sportive monkey spy'd it soon,
And strove to seize it with her paw;
But I contrived the motion so,
That still in vain she strove to take it,
Till my tired arm no more cou'd shake it;
When I, alas! was forced to fail,
And puss to play with her own tail.

Then from my knee I pulled my garter,
And with the most amazing art, Sir,
I tyed strange knots which seemed to stay,
But fell insensibly away;
Till, O unhappy chance! at last
I tyed a gordian knot so fast;
It must continue, till some bully
Like Alexander, draw his gully.

To the same,

(IN LOVE).

——— Ah! miser!
Quantâ laboras in Charybdi.

YES, to be sure, that pretty she
Is fair—as what?—as fair can be:
Her eyes (from which good Angels keep us!)
Are like to put out thoſe of Phœbus:
Her brows above exactly show
The force of Cnpid's bended bow;
Her nose is cruel as his dart,
The bane of many a peaceful heart!
Her cheeks—in vain! no tongue can speak
The beauties of her blooming cheek;
Who never saw th' original, those
May view their copy in a rose:
Ou teeth and lips, on neck and breast,
There is not time for me to rest;

To the same.

WELL, honest gossip, are you gaily?
What uncouths from *festum lustrale?*
Was Commother a canny lass?
I hope you let no duties pass.
The dinner too—what doings there?
Come, give us in a bill of fare:
I'll warrant as sumptuous it has been as
Famed supper of Nasidienus,
'Bout which friend Horace and another
(What is't they call him?) make such pother.

In equal lays then be it dressed;
Say, how was seated every guest,
What dainty dishes graced the board,
What hearty welcomes look'd its Lord,
How fresh, and brisk, and good the beer,
And what strong ale brought up the rear.

Your poem thus drawn to a stop,
Clap on a kind address at top:
At bottom protestation fervent;
Then close and send it to your servant.—

The reader I refer to any
Poetical good Miscellany.

And dost thou then (once happy C——r,
But hapless now) set by thy supper?
And oft for day thro' curtains peep,
Or tell thy passion when asleep?
Dost thou look sullen out of measure
As ghosts depriv'd of dear lov'd treasure?
Talk seldom and with little sense,
Esteeming all impertinence?
Say, does there oft a tempest rise,
(Made up of many deep-fetch'd sighs)
Whereby each weathercock and sign
Like hogs, when Boreas blusters, whine;
And do the streams that wash S—dg—,
Sometimes o'erflow their banks of late,
Swell'd by thy falling sorrows more,
Than winter storm, or thunder shower?

For burning shame! forbear to cry
Like little master for a toy.
Shake of that passion—prythee do,
Yes, shake it off—I'll tell thee how.

Thy meal be short—thy grace long lasting;
(Devils are driv'n out by pray'r and fasting.)
Touch not a glass, for fear you spy
The pretty sparkles of her eye;
Frequent no silent grove nor brook,
Unless well armed with pious book;
In flowery garden never stray,
Read not a poem or a play;
And shun (if e'er you would be well)
The melting strains of ——.
If Morpheus flies thy call, make use
Of Poppy's sleep-provoking juice;
Or if that fail, e'en get by heart
Some piece of mine, or any part;
Tho' all the cares of love encumber,
I'm positive 'twill make you slumber.

To a Rev^d. Friend.

DEAR GEORGE,

COULD I but write epistle
With as much ease as some folks whistle:
Or if my similies wou'd flow
As fast as those of—you know who;
I'd scribble, scribble, scribble verse,
'Till paper, pen, and ink grew scarce:
Nay, if a serious musing thought,
With head reclin'd, wou'd help me ought;
Or swift reiterated walk;
Or frequent, solitary talk;
Or scratching head, or biting nail;
If these wou'd any thing avail,
Believe me, Sir, I wou'd not spare,
My feet, nails, tongue, my brain, or hair:
But tho' I muse, walk, talk, scratch, bite,
I cannot, cannot, cannot write:
All, once successful, methods fail:
I wonder what the deuce I ail!

To Captain Crosby,

AT CARLISLE.

DEAR SIR,

THESE homely lines are sent
To say how much we all lament,
Since our once happy shades you left,
Of all their comforts now bereft.

Great want our Sires and Dames express;
Great want, and how should it be less?
No more their little lambs must play,
To bloody foxes doom'd a prey:
Their geese, 'ere Christmas comes, must fall:
Ah! now no Christmas comes at all!

And much the lads thy loss deplore;
Call'd by the grateful change, no more

They quit the dusty, joyless mows,
Forgetful of their cares—and shoes,
Thro' thick and thin to scour away:
—What! now thrash every every day?

Heartless the lasses too are seen,
And dull—and almost in the spleen.
No more at Church they steal a look
So slily from behind the Book,
To view thy gay, thy lively airs;
They've nought to mind now but their prayers.

But the poor Muse—she suffers most:
Good sense, and wit, and humour lost;
From human converse far she flies,
(All now impertinence and noise)
Still in the lonely vale or grove;
——Out of her senses, or in love.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

Lollius.

LOLLIUS, with head bent back and close shut eyes,
All service-time devoutly snoring lies:
It's great dislike, in FIES! the parish speaks,
And wonders Lollius thus the Sabbath breaks:
But I think Lollius keeps the Sabbath best;
For why, he makes it still a day of rest.

VARUS.

NO, Varus hates a thing that's base,
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

Damon.

HERE, Ladies, all your favours shower;
Your favours none can merit more:
Other ungrateful souls (p-x on him)
Forget a favour really done them;
But grateful Damon, 'tis believ'd,
Remembers those he ne'er receiv'd.

Stella's Death.

CENSURE no more the hand of Death,
That stop'd so early Stella's breath;
Nor let an easy error be
Charg'd with the name of cruelty:
He heard her sense, her virtues told,
And took her (well he might) for old.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO TOOK IT ILL TO HAVE THE AUTHOR CALL'D HER LOVER.

LORD! Miss, how folks can frame a lie!
Love you, say they?—by Jove not I.
Both Jove and you may witness bring
I never dreamt of such a thing.

Henceforth bid Jealousy be gone;
Thy dear, dear self is thine alone:
From fear of rivals thou art free:
—O! were I half so blest as thee.

ON THE AUTHOR OF A SERMON AGAINST EPISCOPACY.

B——N, a priest unknown to fame,
And hurry'd by a strong desire
T' excel Erostratus's name,
Has set a fairer Church on fire.

Worm Doctor.

VAGUS advanc'd on high proclaims his skill
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

STATUARY WORK
AT CORBY.

LET Protestants no more dispute
That miracles appear,
A single instance might confute,
But see a thousand here.

Delia.

THUS poor autumnal Delia said,
(As Delia in her glass survey'd
A withering neck, a wrinkling face)
" O ever hide this foul disgrace !"
Thus Delia said, and fetch'd a sigh;
The glass, still ready to comply,
A sympathising dulness wore,
And shewed her fading charms no more.

Orinda.

ORINDA'S judgment's just and true,
It never made a slip but two;
When she approv'd my lines, was one;
The other, when she blam'd her own.

TO A LADY;—

After losing to her at Whisk.

IN vain we dare your skill at Whisk;
(No prudent man wou'd run the risque)
How cou'd we hope to conquer now?
We minded not the cards—but you:
So rogues oft act, and such their art is,
They prepare something to divert us,
Which while with eagerness we look at,
The villains slily pick our pocket.

Lesbia.

WHILE my dear Lesbia was alive,
The Muses made up two times five;
But Lesbia's now no longer mine,
The number is reduced to nine.

On the Recantation in the Kendal Courant.

RESTORE, dear Nymphs, the banish'd swain
To your society again;
Restore, restore him, I intreat;
His crime indeed——but, to atone,
The youth has public penance done,
Done public penance in a sheet.

TO MR. GREEN,

Under an ill State of Health, and debar'd by his Doctors from drinking.

PRYTHEE, dear Green, the reason tell,
When other greens all look so well,
Why you alone are pale and wan;
Or if you cannot, then I can;
The reason is, believe the Muse,
Because they drink, and you refuse!

On the Epigram.

THOSE Epigrams you most commend,
That with a turn least thought of end:
Then sure a tip-top one you'll call
This, which concludes with—none at all.

Birch Wine.

O BIRCH! thou cruel, bloody tree!
I'll be at last reveng'd on thee:
Oft has thou drunk this blood of mine,
Now, for an equal draught of thine.

Celia.

For Phœbus aid my voice I raise
To make the charms of Celia known;
But Phœbus cannot bear to praise
A face that's brighter than his own.

To Dean Swift,

ON HIS INTENTION OF LEAVING HIS FORTUNE TO BUILD AN HOSPITAL FOR IDEOTS.

Rather thy Wit, good Dean, than Wealth devise,
'Twill make at least a thousand Ideots wise.

To Mr. Cowper,
ON HIS VOYAGE TO DUBLIN.

Sic fratres Helenae lucida sidera.

PROPITIOUS may the fair Twin-Brothers smile,
And quick return thee back to Britain's Isle:
And sure my wish the Brothers will approve;
They know what absence is to them that love.

TO THOMAS DENTON,
OF WARNELL-HALL, ESQ.

WOU'D you improve in uncouthness of dress
And set the World a-gape with new success,
Each sex and every age at once strike mute?
Disguise a Poet in a good new suit.

FABLES.

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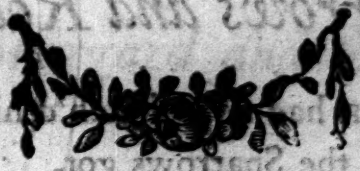


The Boy and Birds.

One Christmas holiday, a lad,
Now quit of school and free to gad,
From out the chimney took his gun,
And thro' the hoary meadows run.

The Thrush resigns it's tuneful breath;
The whistling Blackbird gasping death;
New stains the friendly Robin mark,
Nor saves it's early note the Lark.

When thus exclaims the feather'd train:
Why this delight in giving pain?
The Hawk each grove with slaughter fills,
Yet never for diversion kills.

THE

Sparrows and Robin.

A FARMER had new-thatch'd his cot;
Intelligence the Sparrows got,
And voted one and all to go
A pillaging the glossy straw:

A Robin, as they flew along,
They met, and ask'd to join the throng,
Who nought suspecting, gave consent;
No harm he fear'd, for none he meant.

They scarce their mischief had begun,
When spied, the Farmer's watchful son
Let fly a fatal shower of lead,
And all the roof with slaughter spread.

Poor Robin just had breath to say,
As bleeding in the crowd he lay,
My doom, unjust, ye Red-breasts weep,
And mind what company you keep.

The Sluggard and the Sun.

SNORING in bed a sluggard lies,
When beams the Sun upon his eyes:
Stretching, and in a pet, he wakes,
And this expostulation makes:

What pleasure gives it to molest,
And hinder quiet people's rest;
Thy bed perhaps thou canst not keep,
But must thou then disturb our sleep?

No harm, the Sun replies, was meant;
A friendly office you resent;
This fleeting life is quickly o'er,
Then let me shine in vain no more:
Arise and husband well thy span,
All creatures are awake but Man.

The Petted Nag.

A Petted Nag along the road,
Drew, but unwillingly, its load,
Wou'd stop, if but a hillock rose,
Nor pass'd a grip till forc'd by blows.
Now up, now down, now mov'd, now fast,
It hardly reach'd it's home at last.

When to an empty manger tied,
With shoulder gall'd and smarting side,
It thus reflects, in settled blood:
This stubbornness does little good;
Had I my free endeavours lent,
In far less time, nor half so spent,
I might have got my business o'er,
And been repaid with victuals store.

THE

Snails and Fruit.

A SNAIL some tempting apples spied,
And to her fellows near her cried,
See! what a load yon boughs display;
Come, let us climb and seize the prey.

Ah, no! the thought is rash and vain:
Replies the slimy crew again;
That fruit for reptiles hangs to high,
Reserv'd for happy birds that fly.

The other was not satisfied,
But pluck'd her courage up and tried:
Slowly she crawl'd, but kept her pace,
And perfected at last the race.

And now of all her wish possess'd,
She dropt this maxim to the rest,
That still lay grovelling on the plain,
"What cannot diligence attain!

The Goose and Hen.

AS in a barn a hen made free,
A goose was near and chanc'd to see:
So then, she cries—but I'll not fail
To let our Master hear the tale:
Within a day or two no doubt,
We'll see a bloody head thrown out.

And why this warmth, the hen replies,
If I mistook not with my eyes,
Some-body's noddle t'other morn,
Was popping up in yonder corn.

The Boy and Sparrows.

A Boy along the frozen plain
Was scatt'ring heaps of chaffy grain;
The work a sparrow quickly views,
And joyful thus imparts the news:

See! brothers, see! how rare a boon:
That hand may plenty ever crown:
Make ready for the rich repast,
Who now needs care for winter's blast.

An antient Dam makes this reply:
—You know him not so well as I:
This giver's Jack: then who wou'd chuse,
But the suspicious gift refuse?
It's ten to one the rogue prepares,
Some falling sieve or tangling hairs;
Or in some hole designs to wait,
With his sad instrument of fate.

THE

Husbandman and Horse.

A HUSBANDMAN betimes wou'd breed
To exercise, his youthful steed;
Wou'd teach to bear the smarting goad,
And drag the cart's unwieldy load.

The youngster pleads, O spare my age,
Unfit with labours to engage;
My tender limbs no firmness know;
O suffer yet a year or so.

His Master gives consent, and he
Another season wanders free:
But mark the end; to sloth inured
Nor cart nor trace he now endured;
All force the stubborn fool defied,
And kick'd and broke his leg, and died.

The TOO-FREE *Nag.*

A YOUTHFUL Nag in pasture gay,
Had tasted thrice the sweets of May;
And thrice from kindly rack supplied,
December's chillness had defied.

His leisure now he must forego,
The labours of the field to know;
Must with the load unwieldy toil,
Or rend the toughness of the soil.

Docile he plies to each command,
Prevents his Master's forming hand;
His every sinew strains to please,
And puts forth all his faculties:
No task's too hard, too long no days!
So great his generous love of praise!

But mark the sad, too sad event;
With labour unremitted spent,
Tasteless and loathsome grows his food;
With lazy motion creeps his blood;
His feeble limbs he hardly rears,
And pines and dies in prime of years,

SONGS.

SONGS.

ONE Sunday morn in chearful May,
When all was clad in best array,
Young Cælia trip'd the garden gay
With robes of various dye:
The choicest flow'rs the virgin chose,
The lily pale, the blushing rose
With all that most delights the nose
Or tempts the wand'ring eye.

In artful rank when each was plac'd,
She fix'd the favourites on her breast,
O happy, happy flow'rs possess'd
Of such an heavenly seat!

But they with envy view the Fair,
And (vain attempts!) presumptuous dare
With Cælia's beauties to compare,
And rival charms so great.

The rose displays it's purple dyes,
Ten thousand sweets at once surprize;
Ungrateful sight to Cælia's eyes!
Her cheeks a blush disclose!
So much the glowing blush became,
Superiour sweets so grac'd the dame,
The rose sunk down it's head for shame,
And durst no more oppose.

The lily next resists the maid,
In robes of purest white array'd,
It's beauties gracefully display'd
Her finest charms defied;
The blood forsook the Fair-one's face,
A sudden paleness took its place,
But paleness mix'd with such a grace
As check'd the lily's pride.

The flow'rs thus foil'd in single fight
Their force with utmost speed unite,
With lavish'd odours all invite,
And scent the neighbouring air:
She sighs—such balmy breezes fly,
Such fragrant sweets perfume the sky,
The flow'rs drop down their heads and die
Oppress'd with deep dispair.

SONG.

MY Nelly's charming as—but stay!
As what, ye Bards, shall Strephon say?
For similes where must he rove
To speak the charms of Nelly D—ve.

When Nelly's cheeks a blush disclose,
Away with trifling pink and rose;
The pink and rose will faded prove,
Near the fair cheeks of Nelly D—ve.

Name not a rolling Orb to vie
With Nelly's pretty sparkling eye;
There's not an Orb that rolls above
Can match the eye of Nelly D—ve.

Talk not, when Nelly charms our ears,
Of the feigned music of the Spheres;
The Spheres, alas! can never move
Like the dear voice of Nelly D—ve.

Think not her breath can be expressed
By the rich fragrance of the East:
The richest, sweetest eastern grove
Breathes no such sweets as Nelly D—ve.

In vain for similes we seek;
For, O! what simile can speak
(Unless her Strephon's matchless love)
The matchless charms of Nelly D—ve.

SONG.

WHEN Damon first to Cælia spoke,
And made his passion known;
So free her air! so kind her look!
He thought the Nymph his own.

Poor Damon! all thy hopes are vain,
Success no longer boast:
Such Cælia is to every swain,
But catch—and Cælia's lost.

Thus oft we see, at close of eve,
When all is calm and fair,
An idle wand'ring feather wave,
And saunter here and there.

Tempting the grasp of every clown,
Around the trifle plays,
He catches! full of hopes—'tis gone,
And Simy's left to gaze.

SONG.

IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

O What a deal of beauties rare,
Leeve down in Caldew's valley!
Yet theer not yen 'at can compare
Wi' bonny smurkin Sally.

O' fortunes great my Ded oft tells,
But I cry shally-wally:
I mind nae fortunes nor ought else,
My heart's sae set o' Sally.

Let others round the teable sit
At fairs, and drink and rally;
While to a corner snug I git,
And kiss and hark wi' Sally.

Some lads court fearful hard, yet still
Put off and drive and dally;
The Priest neest Sunday, if she will;
May publish me and Sally.

O how my heart wad lowp for joy,
To lead her up the ally;
And with what courage cou'd I cry
I ——— tak thee Sally.

And sud not we a bargain strike?
I's seer our tempers tally;
For duce a thing can ——— like
But just what likes his Sally.

I's seek, and wait not what to de;
The Doctor and his galley-
Pots will not signify a flea:
—O send off hand for Sally.

SONG.

On a downy bank I lie,
Free from Phœbus' scorching fire,
Gentle waters murmur by,
Sweetly sing the feather'd choir;
Nature joins her charms in vain
To divert a Lover's pain.

Blow, ye breezes, briskly blow,
Cool the flames that scorch my breast,
Streams with deeper cadence flow,
Lull an anxious soul to rest:
Then, ye gods that favour love!
Make my fancy sweetly rove;

Give to these expecting arms
Chloe, object of my vow;
Let no frown disturb her charms,
Nor a vapour cloud her brow:
Slumbers oft the blest annoy,
But give hapless lovers joy.

SONG.

WHILE other Nymphs make hapless Swains
Their victuals pensive hate;
Peggy those little tricks disdains,
And happier Strephon's fate:
Such relish to the rural meals
Her touch and look impart;
A keenness every stomach feels;
A transport every heart.

Peggy the sweetly sugar'd cream
Can sugar sweet a-new;
The snowy curds from Peggy seem
To get a snowier hue:
Help'd by her hand th' enlivening cakes
A double life convey;
And from her breath the butter takes
A——what no tongue can say.

From charms, ye gods, when Peggy churns,
The gathering sweets secure;
Still be the print her board adorns
From all errata pure:
Then Peggy's praise and Strephon's bliss
Shall my soft voice employ
In notes that like her print or kiss
Shall please yet never cloy.

SONG.

All female charms, I own my Fair,
In that accomplished form combine?
Yet, why this proud, assuming air?
The praise is Nature's, none of thine.

Wou'dst thou, with just pretensions, claim,
Of our applause an equal share;
Be thy desert, my dear, the same;
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

SONG.

COME, Pandora, come away,
Who can brook such dull delay?
Come and glad my longing eye;
Could I now Pandora spy!
Envious hill, O why wilt thou
Intercept a Lover's view!
Haste Pandora, haste away,
Every minute seems a day.

Once lov'd plains no longer please
There's no pleasure but where she's;
I'd with her to town resort,
I'd with her endure a court;
Wilds are gardens with my dear,
All's a wild, if she's not there.
Haste Pandora, haste away,
Ev'ry minute seems a day.

See she comes!—ye Swains prepare
To entertain the lovely Fair;

Let blithe jokes and rustic rhyme,
Songs and dances, cheat the time;
All your gambols, all be play'd
To divert the charming maid;
May her hours unheeded flow,
And the clock ne'er seem too slow.

See she comes!—ye maidens haste,
Sweep the hearth, nay do it fast;
Mind that nought offend the sight,
Be the table wondrous bright;
Rub the cup-board, rub it clean,
Till your shadows' to be seen;
Let clean pinners grace each head,
Each her lily apron spread.

Now she's near—I burn, I glow,
Short my breath, my voice grows low!
Thus the lark with chearful lay
Hails th' approaching god of day,
But when nearer he displays
Brighter beams and warmer rays,
Then her little bosom heaves,
And its gentle warbling leaves.

SONG.

LUCINDA summons ev'ry charm
With pure design to kill;
But Delia would her face disarm,
And wounds against her will.

In vain to save my trembling heart
Lucinda's sight I fly;
Lucinda with bewitching art
At distance can destroy.

Where shall my frighted wand'rer rest
From such a force secure?
Where but in Delia's sacred breast,
Where witchcraft has no power.

Thus the poor Lark, when birds of prey
Denounce a bloody fate,
To some near cottage hastes away,
And courts a captive state.

SONG.

HARK! that solemn sound is ONE!
All things rest but I alone;
Come thou care-composing god,
Touch my temples with thy rod.

Weary Zephyrs are at ease,
Nought disturbs the slumb'ring trees;
And the noisy prattling stream
Murmurs faint as in a dream.

Say, thou peaceful pow'r divine!
Say what monstrous crime is mine;
I thy call ne'er disobey,
Ne'er oppose thy sov'reign sway.

Leave the Miser brooding o'er
Midnight heaps of mouldy store;
Leave the happy lover blest
On his Cælia's panting breast.

Here's the god.—I feel him lie
Heavy fetters on each eye:
Thro' each vein soft slumbers creep:
Babes thus sing themselves asleep.

SONG.

A Thousand charms can Lesbia boast,
As many torments I sustain;
Sure Nature's purpose here is crost,
If Nature e'er did ought in vain.

Of passion why so large my share,
Without an equal art to move?
Why was she made so tempting fair,
And yet so great a foe to love?

In those dear arms, O let me rest,
A while that lovely bosom join!
Then shall I warm that snowy breast,
Or cool this glowing heart of mine.

SONG.

WHY sighs my dear friend from the depth of his soul,
While Nectar looks over the brim of the bowl?
That grief out of season, now prythee, forbear,
And sigh when the bottom begins to appear.

Alas! poor companion, and is the case so?
I now find the real sad source of thy woe,
Like smoke those dull sighs from a burning heart came,
Haste, pour down a bumper and put out the flame.

SONG.

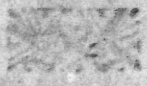
PENSIVE Strephon, cease repining,
Give thy injured stars their due;
There's no room for all this whining,
Be Dorinda false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross?
And if sway'd by whim and fashion,
Let her leave thee—where's the loss?

SONG.

WHAT charms has Chloe!
Her bosom how snowy!
Each feature
Is sweeter
Poor Venus than thine!
Her mind like her face is
Adorn'd with all graces,
Not Pallas possesses
A wit so divine.

What crowds are bleeding
While Chloe's ne'er heeding;
All lying
A dying
Thro' cruel disdain:
Ye gods deign to warm her
Or quickly disarm her,
While Chloe's a charmer
Your temples are vain.

Translations.



Translations.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM OVID.

YOUNG Pyramus and Thisbe, loveliest he
Of Eastern Youths, of Maidens fairest she,
Had houses joining in that stately town
Whose walls Semiramis their Foundress own;
Neighbourhood acquaintance bred, acquaintance fast
Grew up to friendship, and to love at last;
Love had been happy in the nuptial band,
But friends withstood, what friends could not withstand.
An equal warmth each gave, and each return'd
Burnt fiercely both, but both in secret burn'd.

The use of words their parents stern deny;
But what the tongue's forbidden, speaks the eye.
Ah! what avails it passion to disguise:
Love's fires the more conceal'd, the fiercer rise.
In the partition-wall a crack had been
Some way occasion'd, when the work was green,
So small, for ages it was never eyed,
Which yet, what spies not love? the lovers spied,
And in the cranny found a secret way
Their minds in dying murmurs to convey.

Oft at their stations as they stood and try'd
Fondly to catch the breath each other sigh'd:
Ill-natur'd wall, complain'd they, thus to part
In body lovers that are one in heart:
What were it, shou'dst thou suffer an embrace
At least a kiss or two is no such grace:
And yet ungrateful we are not, but know
To whom this easing intercourse we owe.

In unavailing plaints the day thus past,
Farewell, with much ado, they said at last,
And kisses to the parting wall applied,
Kisses that on the the marble useless died.

Aurora now had chas'd the stars away,
And the cool dews exhal'd the rising ray;
To the known place return the faithful two,
And all their former fond complaints renew.
Their parents then they purpose to deceive,
To leave their homes by night, the town to leave,
And lest they wander blindly in the gloom,
Their interview appoint at Ninus' tomb;
Where near a spring a spreading Mulberry rose,
Clad with fair fruit that match'd the falling snows,
The assignation likes, impatient they
Long for the night and chide the lingring day.

'Tis silence all at length: with wary pace
Thisbe the door soft opens, vails her face,
Hies through the dark and seats her in the shade,
What dares not, urg'd by love, the tim'rous maid?
When, lo! a lioness approaches near,
Fresh from the slaughter of the lowing steer,
And to the brook directly points her way,
Her thirst, by blood excited, to allay:
Which by the moon as Thisbe chanc'd to view,
Wing'd with her fear, the trembling virgin flew,

And in a cave th' impending fate declin'd,
But left unhappily her veil behind.
The savage having slaked her burning pain,
And to the forest speeding cross the plain,
The garment found, and vext to find no more,
With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore,
And left it all besmear'd with dust and gore.

When Pyramus, detain'd by stricter spies,
Now late the tomb approach'd, and cast his eyes
On the fair prints of savage feet, all pale
His visage grew; but when he saw the veil,
Yes, two, he cried, one night shall give to fate:
But, oh! her life deserv'd a longer date:
Mine is the guilt, poor Thisbe I betray'd,
Who bid her, helpless, tempt the nightly shade,
And did not tempt it first to guard my fair:
Hither, O all ye bloody race, repair;
Mangle these limbs, and rend this cruel heart:
But death to wish for is a coward's part.
Then to th' appointed tree the veil he bore,
Bath'd it in tears, and kiss'd it o'er and o'er:

And deeper yet, he cries, thy stain be made;
And instant in his bosom sheath'd the blade:
Scarce strength to draw it out his hands supply,
Backward he falls, and spouts the blood on high.
So when a conduit-pipe receives a flaw,
Out burst the hissing waters in a bow;
Spreading and spreading, through the skies they pour,
And fall at last, a widely trickling shower.

The berries, sprinkled with the purple dew,
Forget their white, and take a reddish hue;
And the roots, moistned with the gore, supply
To every future charge a different dye.

The damsel, lest he might suspect her truth,
Returns, all fearful yet, to seek the youth,
Longing his Thisbe's fright to let him hear,
And paint the beast, how ghastly and how near.
The tree she reach'd; but doubted when she saw
The tinctur'd fruit, if 'twas the tree or no;
Till soon her eye, as in suspence she stood,
Dropt on a body flackring in its blood:

She shrunk, grew pale, and trembling like the main,
When a light breeze disturbs the liquid plain.
But now her nearer looks her love declare,
She beats her lovely breast, she tears her hair;
She kneels, and round the body throws her arms,
Bathes it in tears, and with embraces warms;
But freezing all in death the limbs she found,
My Pyramus, she cried, ah whence this wound?
My Pyramus—O hear! 'tis I request,
Thy own dear Thisbe—speak, or look at least.
At Thisbe's name he lifts his loaden eyes,
Dwells on her charms a moment, closes them and dies.

The story now, alas! appears too well;
The veil and sword the mournful story tell:
Yes, thy own hand has given the blow she cried
And to that hand the motive love supplied:
I too, poor trembling I, dare such a feat;
My valour's little, but my passion's great:
Yes, the dear youth his Thisbe will attend,
The cause at once and partner of his end.

Death only cou'd divide thee from my heart;
But 'tis resolv'd—not Death itself shall part.

Now both our Fathers (ah no Fathers soon!)
Hear us, and envy not so small a boon;
Vouchsafe one grave, nor part those after death
Whom love has join'd, and whom their latest breath:
And thou, O Tree! whose kindly spreading bough
Covers one corpse, and soon must cover two;
Still fresh the marks of slaughter thus retain,
Still mourn thy fruit an hapless couple slain.
She said: and to her breast the sword applied,
Press'd the deep piercing point, sunk by her lord and died.

No more their wishes unavailing sue;
The gods attend, attend their parents too;
To a dark red the ripening berries turn,
And sleep their ashes in a common urn.

De Paulo Canente.

BALTHASARIS CASTILIONIS MANTUANI POEMA.

DULCIA dum pulcher modulatur carmini Paulus,
Demulcet colles et, mea Roma, tuos,
Adcurrere simul Dryades, Faunique bicornes,
Ora immota truces et tenuere ferae.
Tibris arundineo glaucum caput extulit alveo,
Et stupefacta novo restitit unda sono.

Tum vocem numerumque, inquit, miratus Apollo;
Orpheus Elysia valle meus rediit:
Sed faciem ut vidit pueri, sacrumque decorem,
Certe ait hic proles est, Cytherea, tuus.
Saeve puer, tentas me vincere voce lyraque
An vicisse arcu est gloria visa levis?

On Paul's Singing:

A POEM OF BALTHASAR CASTILIO, THE MANTUAN.

WHILE lovely Paulus chaunts his charming lays,
And sporting Echo with the music plays,
Around the Dryads and the Fauns appear,
The savage wild-beasts soften as they hear:
Old Tiber rears him from the Ooze below,
And in attention lost the streams forget to flow:
Apollo hearing, wonder'd at the strain,
And thought his Orpheus was return'd again:
But when his heavenly face and mien he spied,
Ah, cruel! no, 'tis Venus' son, he cried:
Was't not enough the Archer to outdo;
What, will he challenge the Musician too?

FLERES si scires unum tua tempora mensem;
Rides, cum fuerint forsitan una dies.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

ENGLISHED:

WRETCH! man would cry:
If sure to die
Before a month is past;
Yet laughs away
This poor short day,
Which is perhaps his last.

PSALM CXXXI.

CONTENTED with the part assigned,
No envious thoughts disturb my mind;
The province given I tend with care,
And aim at nought beyond my sphere.

Disdainful glance I never throw
On any God has placed below;
Nor add affliction to the poor,
Afflicted too, too much before.

My soul an even surface keeps,
In silence every passion sleeps;
Each fond desire I calm to rest,
Like a young Babe forbid the breast.

Henceforth let all in every case,
Their trust in great JEHOVAH place;
Whatever portion he decrees,
Our God can make that portion please.

PSALM CXXIII.

To thee who sit'st enthron'd on high,
In mercy, as in might, supreme;
To thee I raise my wishful eye,
And wait thy warm indulgent beam.

Thus looks a servant that's sincere,
Thus fix'd attends his master's face;
Blest, if approving smiles appear,
And wretched, if he reads disgrace.

O God! 'tis hard, 'tis wond'rous hard,
To bear the great one's less'ning look;
But, Gracious! give me thy regard,
And human scorn with ease I brook.

THE Battle of the Giants.

A FRAGMENT FROM *CLAUDIAN.*

TELLUS of old, urg'd by a double cause,
Jove's happy empire, and the Titans' woes,
Brought forth in Tartarus an horrid brood;
Then Phlægra opened, of her offspring proud,
To bring the Monster-armies up to light,
And daring meet the heavenly Powers in fight.

A noise ensues—boistrous the rebel rout,
Intent on execrable crimes, rush out:
With giant strides majestically stalk,
Clinch their big fists and Heaven to arms provoke.

Pale wax the stars, depriv'd of wonted fire
Apollo's horses terrified retire;
And the Bear, startled at so strange a sight,
To seas forbid before precipitates her flight.

Then thus her issue chears the mother vain:
My sons, of Tyrant-Gods the future bane,
Far as your view can stretch, this fight secures;
Yours be the victory, and the world is yours.
Tellus's force give Jove at length to feel;
Must she thus humble to each upstart kneel?
Why did Cybele a superior bear,
And why of honour mine so small a share?
What heavy pressures do I not sustain?
What means are wanting to procure my pain?
Here on the mount must poor Prometheus stay,
His vitals doomed an everlasting prey?
There Atlas groans beneath the pond'rous spheres,
While icicles depend around his ears.
Why should I Tityus name, whose growing heart
Matter administers for endless smart?
But you at length avenge my wrongs in fight,
Rescue the Titans' and a parent's right:
You want not fatal instruments of war;
Mountains and rocks, your mothers members tear,
Herself an instrument will gladly be,
To prove the downfal of this tyranny.
Undaunted then my dear avengers rise,
And humble yon proud turrets of the skies.

How rich the spoils!—Typhæus must prepare
To launch the thunder and the sceptre bear;
Encelladus must o'er the sea preside;
Aurora's chariot let some other guide;
While thou Porphyrion, shalt thy temples grace
With Delphic wreaths, and take Apollo's place.

Thus soothed the dame her sons with idle dreams;
To them all heaven above at mercy seems,
And Neptune drag'd indignant from his streams.
This thinks he makes the potent Mars his prey,
That robs poor captive Phœbus of his ray.
With Cytherea one his fancy warms,
Another clasps Diana in his arms,
Or vows to violate the chaste Minerva's charms.

Meanwhile th' immortal Powers convene above,
From streams and lakes solicitous they move;
The very distant Manes bring their aid;
Queen Proserpine forsakes the stygian shade,
And Pluto, monarch of the silent night,
Directs his horses to the realms of light;

I

His horses wildly wonder at the day,
And while they panting strain up the steep way,
Thick clouds of darkness round their nostrils play.

As when a town dreads some vast engine's power,
All flock promiscuous to defend the tower;
Just so the gods of every station ran
To guard the throne of Jove, who thus began:

Immortal Powers, above the reach of fate,
(And well ye merit that immortal state)
See Terra's new-born sons, a numerous train,
Advance to terminate the heavenly reign;
But give her pride those sons extinct to mourn,
And into trouble all her transport turn.

Now was the signal given on either side,
A rattling shower the trumpet's sound supplied
Nature quak'd for her Lord; the powerful cre
All things into a second chaos threw:
Islands are forc'd up from the foaming main,
Beneath the waters skulk the rocks in vain:

Where seas late roll'd is now a naked shore,
And streams now run where streams ne'er ran before.
Whirl'd with vast force here Octe clouds the sky,
There swings Pangaum just prepar'd to fly:
This Ossa from its firm foundation tears,
That Rhodope with Hebers fountain rears,
A third Olympus to his shoulder heaves,
Enipeus down his back impetuous hurls its waves,
The earth becomes a level boundless plain,
In airy regions wild disorders reign,
And harsh ungrateful crashes shock the brain.

First, driven with active rage, the god of war
Against the horrid foe impels his car;
His shield glares dreadful in each hostile face,
The waving plumes his glittering helmet grace:
Down comes his sword a-cross Pelorus' groin,
Just where two snakes his ugly bowels join:
With such a dexterous force he gave the wound,
Three worthless lives a worthy period found:
Triumphant o'er the yielding corpse he rode,
And spotted all his car with spouting blood.

Then Mimas furious at his brother's fate,
Raised up all Lemnus's unwieldy weight:
All Lemnus charged with Vulcan's forge had flown,
But Mars's spear fell heavy on his crown;
The batter'd brains his widening jaws discharge,
And every lifeless limb drops down and lies at large:
Not so the snakes, they still remain secure:
Still hiss his snakes, still scorn the victor's power.

Now with a warlike grace the Warrior-maid
Step'd forth; her shield the Gorgon's face display'd;
Her shield alone (sufficient arms!) she bore:
Who sees it once is doomed to see no more;
And Pallas first the fatal object saw;
His curdling blood thro' each cold vein crept slow.
What means this lazy lethargy, he cried,
Why stand I like a marble statue tied?
But said no more—the gift of speech was gone,
His every faculty lay lost in stone;
And as Damastor sought some rock to throw,
By sad mistake he whirled him at the foe.

Echion, wondring at his brother's change,
And ignorant of its author, vows revenge;
But vows in vain—the Gorgon meets his eyes,
He owns Minerva's matchless force and dies.

Pallenus then advances in a rage,
With eyes averse, the Goddess to engage,
The Goddess grasps her sword and gives a blow,
The Monster falling loads the plain below;
His gazing snakes meanwhile congeal to stone;
Thus part by weapon falls and part by looking on.

But see! Porphyrion mid the deep essays
The trembling Delos from its root to raise;
Ægeus quakes; from watery caves retire
Affrighted Thetis and her hoary Sire;
Neptune's late crouded palace is become
An empty, silent, solitary dome:
The nymphs on Cynthus' summits fill the skies
With sad complaints and pity-moving cries:
(The nymphs that careful did a couch compose,
When fair Latona felt a parent's throes,
That taught young Phœbus how to throw the dart,
With all the secrets of the sylvan art)

Distressful Delos begs her Pean's aid,
" If in my lap thy infant limbs were laid,
" O help—again I move——
The Rest wanting in the Original.

THEOCRITUS,

IDYLLIUM XIX.

IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

Ae time, as Cupy, sweet tuith'd Fairy,
A hive, owr ventersome, wad herry;
A Bee was nettled at the wrang,
And gave his hand a dispert stang;
It stoundit sare, and sare it swell'd,
He puft and stampt and flang and yell'd;
Then way full drive to Mammy scowr't,
And held her't up, to blow't and cur't,
Wondren sae feckless-like a varment
Cud have sae fearfu' mikle harm in't.

She smurk'd—and pra'tha', says his mudder,
Is not lile Cupy seck anudder?
Just seck anudder varment's he;
A feckless-like—but fearfu' Bee.—

HORACE

BOOK IV. ODE 7.

IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE snow has left the fells and fled;
Their tops i' green the trees hev cled;
The grund wi' sindry flowers is sown;
And to their stint the becks are fawn:
Nor fear the Nymphs and Graces mair
To dance it in the meadows, bare.
The year, 'at slips sae fast away,
Whispers we munna think to stay:
The Spring suin thows the Winter frost;
To meet the Spring does Simmer post;
Frae Simmer Autumn cleeks the hauld,
And back at yence is Winter cauld.
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loss;
But suin as we the watter cross
To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
We're dust and shadows wuthout bluid.

And whae, Torquatus, can be sworn
'At thame abuin 'ill grant To-mworn?
Leeve than;—what's war't i' murry chear
Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
When Death, my friend, yence ligs you fast,
And Minus just, your duim has past,
Your reace, and wit, and worth 'ill mak
But a peer shift to bring you back.
Diana (she's a Goddess tee)
Gets not Hippolytus set free;
And, Theseus, aw that strength o' thine
Can never brek Pirithous' chyne.

FROM

NICOLAUS FABER.

How great thy might let none by mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness shew;
A power to hurt is no such noble thing,
The toad can venom, and the serpent sting.—

HORACE

BOOK III. ODE 21.

THOU cask, that life with me didst share,
When Manlius fill'd the Consul's chair,
Whether thy lovely circle keep
Laughter or strife, or love or sleep,
Whatever be thy freight, descend,
Corvinus bids the worthiest friend;
Proud to be mov'd in such an hour,
Descend and mildest Massick pour.
He tho' with arts Socratic blest,
Will not severe thy fruits detest,
Old Cato's self would oft resign
His roughness, warm'd with gen'rous wine.
'Tis thine to use a gentle power,
To smooth the wrinkles of the sour;
To thee their care the wise impart,
And open all the hidden heart.
Hope to the anxious thou canst give,
And bid the poor in plenty live.
They heed not when thy liquor warms
The Prince's frown, or Soldier's arms.

Venus, if here she deign to be,
The God of wine, the Graces three,
And lamps shall lengthen out thy stream,
Till fly the stars the rising beam.

True Happiness.

FROM
APOLLODORUS.

And is this it! (sure nothing less)
Is this, my friend, true happiness?
The diamond's sparkle to behold,
To drink in glowing cups of gold,
To sink to rest in beds of down,
Thy board with dainty meats to crown,
In barns capacious to contain
The plenteous crops of Lybia's plain?
True happiness is this, To fear
No threat'ning look of danger near,
To heed the mob's nor love nor hate,
And not to start at coming Fate.
This will a genuine bliss secure,
In spite of Fortune, and her power.

FROM

Boetius.

WHO ne'er dejected, ne'er elate,
Even alike in ev'ry state,
Can with a brave and stedfast soul
The fierce assaults of fate controul.
Him move no terrors of the main,
Tormented and o'erturn'd in vain;
No fires that from Vesevus roll
In dreadful volumes to the Pole;
No flaming thunderbolts that hide
In dust the lofty turret's pride.
Why does the Tyrant's fuming rage
The wretch's wonder thus engage?
Wild passions from thy soul be rent
And all that rage is idly spent:
But who admits or hope or fear
Not firm or resolute to bear,
Has thrown away his shield, gives ground,
And is an easy captive found.

THE GRASHOPPER.

FROM ANACREON.

HAPPY little creature thou,
Satisfied with sipping dew,
From the summit of a spray
Warblest out a pleasant lay.
All as far as thou canst see,
Mighty Queen, belongs to thee;
What the groves and meads produce,
All is open to thy use.
Much in thee delights the swain,
Harmless to his grass and grain:
Much he loves thy voice to hear,
Sweet presage of Summer near.
Favour thee the lovely Nine,
Phœbus's regard is thine:
Phœbus to thy little throat
Deigns a sweetly piercing note;
Free from age and slow decay.
Always wise and always gay;
Cumber'd with no flesh and blood,
Blest! what art thou but a god?

Pythagoras's
GOLDEN VERSES.

THE Gods first worship, as enjoin'd by law,
An oath regarding with religious awe:
The Heroes then, and Stygian Powers allow
Their proper homage and the honours due:
And pay just def'rence to a parent's name,
Nor want thy relatives the right they claim:
Civility belongs to all the rest:
Be intimate with none except the best.
To gentle words and acts obliging bend,
Nor for a little failing hate thy friend,
As far as possible, for Power, we see,
Is a near neighbour to Necessity.
These be thy care. And still beneath thee keep
Anger and appetite, and lust and sleep.
No base thing dare, nor when another's near
Nor when alone: but most thyself revere.
Then justice exercise in word and deed;
And act in all affairs with utmost heed.

But know that every one is doom'd to die;
And riches favour some, from others fly.
Whatever share of human ills be thine,
Bear it with resignation, nor repine:
Yet ease them, if thou canst; but keep in mind
That Fate to good men has but few assign'd.
Reports of various kinds are apt to stray;
But let not these divert thee on thy way:
The slanders that malicious tongues may feign,
Hear unconcern'd, nor let them give thee pain.
And be these following precepts all thy care:
Let none by courteous deeds or speeches fair,
Ever prevail with thee to do or say
What thine own interest offers to betray.
Consider 'ere thou actest, and be cool;
An inconsiderate action speaks a fool.
And every thing with apprehension leave
That may hereafter give thee cause to grieve.
Do nought in ign'rance, but what's needful know;
So shall thy life in happiest tenor flow.
Let health be valued as a real good,
And use a mean in exercise and food:
(What gives no future grief I call a mean)
Nor chuse a costly diet, but a clean.

Of acts, that envy may create, beware:
Nor spend too freely, nor too frugal spare.
Keep always to a mean; extremes offend:
Act circumspectly, and regard the end.
Nor close thine eyes, till thrice with strict survey
Thou look'st o'er all the actions of the day.
Into what follies have I heedless run?
What duties have I not, what have I done?
Beginning at the first, in order move;
The bad impartial blame, the good approve.
Let these thy meditations all employ:
Be these thy labour, and be these thy joy.
For these to Virtue's paths thy steps will bring,
By him who gives our life fresh nature's fourfold
spring.
But first to Heaven apply for aid divine,
Then execute with courage thy design.
These precepts well observe, and thou shalt know
The state of things above, and things below.
Shalt know, as far as suits with human art,
Nature is uniform thro' every part:
That no false hope may pass with thee for true,
Nor any secret thing escape thy view,

Shalt know, that men misfortunes oft demand;
Hapless, who see not good, when close at hand!
And few know evils or to ease or fly;
So thick the cloud that hangs o'er Reason's eye.
Like Cylinders we roll, and never stay,
Meeting with many a hindrance in our way:
For strife unseen attacks us, ever nigh,
Born with us, which we should not dare but fly.
Thou shouldst, O Jove! or lessen human woe,
Or every one his fate before-hand shew.
But thou have hopes, since man's of heav'nly line,
Whom Nature shews whatever is divine.
Of which if ought be thine, thou wilt retain
These precepts, and thy soul secure from pain.
The delicacies we forbad, refuse,
And greet exactness at lustrations use.
Delib'rate cautiously in each affair,
The reins committing still to Reason's care.
And if to Heaven releas'd thy soul shall soar,
A god thou shalt become, a mortal man no more.

From Seneca.

TAKE a dizzy stand that will
On the tip of Fortune's hill;
Mine a safer pleasure know
In the humble vale below.
There beneath the shady trees
Let me steal a grateful ease,
Free from all the storms that beat
On the grandeur of the Great.
And when calm my days have flown,
To the Vulgar little known,
Let me chearful quit the stage,
Crown'd with virtue and with age.
Hapless he, when death appears,
In a crowd that wastes his years,
That grows free with all the rest,
But estrang'd to his own breast.

FROM

Seneca:

AN EXILE IN CORSICA.

THE barb'rous Cors'ca rocks prærupt surround,
An horrid, wild, uncomfortable ground;
No fruits in Autumn, flow'rs in Summer bloom;
No gifts of Pallas glad in Winter's gloom;
In spring no sweet vicissitude is seen;
No tree, nor turf adorn'd with lovely green;
Nor grain, nor drop, nor spark, these scenes present,
Nor ought but banish'd men, and banishment.

EPIGRAMS
FROM
MARTIAL.

THESE earthly happiness compleat:
A snug hereditary seat;
Fields free to give what ease requires;
Hearths ever warmed with heartsome fires;
Calm quietness from clamour loud;
No business with the peevish proud;
A vigour active, yet refined;
Simplicity with prudence joined;
Sweet converse seasoning wholesome fare;
Evenings without excess or care;
Short nights by unsought slumbers blest;
And, what gives relish to the rest,
An easy acquiescent mind,
To the wise will of Heaven resign'd.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS.

WHEN from her bosom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her Lord the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
I die by that, alas! which kills my dear.

DOES freedom please you? sure it does not please;
But if it does, the means of it are these:
At home with coarser meals contented stay,
Let small Vejentan wine your thirst allay;
Laugh at the cups on Cinna's board that shine,
And please yourself with such a gown as mine.
Thus low your mind if you have power to bring,
More freedom you may boast than Parthia's king.

THAT you to joys of wine the night devote,
Gaurus, we pardon you; 'twas Cato's fault:
That verses without genius you compose,
Our praises you deserve; 'twas Cicero's.

THOU whom the fickle youth their master own,
Quintilian! glory of the Roman gown;
To live that I tho' poor make haste, forgive,
Trust me there's none can haste too much to live.
This let him slight, who thinks his means too small,
And crouds with pictures infinite his hall.
Be mine an humble cot, a fire to chear,
A verdant meadow, and a fountain clear;
A servant clean, a not too learned wife,
Nights bless'd with sleep, and days that know no strife.

LARGE gifts to wealthy batchelors you send;
And call you this munificence, my friend?
Nothing so sordid and so mean: for shame
To give gross avarice such a specious name!
Thus treacherous hooks indulge the greedy prey,
And thus false baits unthinking beasts betray:
Would you munificent in earnest be?
Your gifts, Gargilianus, send to me.

YOUR father twenty pounds a month supplies,
And gives in portions duly as you rise;
To-day 'tis luxury, to-morrow want,
And daily vice demands a daily grant:
The same bequeaths you all on his last bed;
Poor Philomuse! you're disinherited.

CÆSAR, my verse you graciously approv'd;
The honour Momus heard of, and was mov'd:
Yet more than praises, presents you bestow;
Stills grows his envy as your favours grow:
See now the tortur'd fool his fingers bite!
Give, Cæsar, give, and make him burst with spite.

The Wrangling Couple.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
The crossest husband, crossest wife;
It looks exceeding odd to me,
This well-matched pair can disagree.

Quiet Life.

MIGHT I permitted be to spend
My days securely with my friend;
Our lives at pleasure might we lead
And be allow'd to live indeed:
Far would we keep from hurry, far
From the harsh wranglings of the Bar;
Far from the treach'rous Palace-gate,
And all the shewy toils of state:
To entertaining books and talk,
The pleasant ride, the peaceful walk,
The Bath, the Portico, the Shade,
Our time, as due, should all be paid.
Now to himself, ah! neither lives,
But Suns asliding down perceives,
Suns which no more he must survey:
Know we to live, and do we stay?

ACERRA.

OF yesterday's debauch he smells, you say;
'Tis false,—Acerra ply'd it till to-day.

On Alcimus.

O Alcimus, whom too severe a doom
Has hurried to the grave in early bloom;
Be thine of parian stone no threat'ning pile,
A labour frail that hardly lasts a while;
But o'er thy grave let Vines and Boxes grow,
And grass still verdant with my trickling woe:
These monuments, dear youth, my sorrows give,
Fair monuments that shall for ever live:
And when his latest thread the Fates shall ply,
Thus would thy Martial have his ashes lie.

Epitaph on Paris.

A Moment, trav'ler, fix thine eye,
Nor pass so fam'd a marble by;
The mirth of Rome, of Nile the wit,
The pride, the pleasure of the pit,
The joy and grief of human eyes
Lie bury'd here, where Paris lies.

THE HOUR GLASS.

From Amalitheus.

THESE little atoms that in silence pour,
And measure out with even pace the hour,
Were once Alcippus; struck by Galla's eyes,
Wretched he burn'd, and here in ashes lies;
Which ever streaming this sad truth attest,
That lovers count the time and know no rest.

From Buchanan.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal, you my censure blaze;
But, Zoilus, all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

FROM THE GREEK.

BEGIN your work; a deed's half done
When once you've happily begun;
There does but t'other half remain,
You'll do't, shou'd you begin again.

FROM THE

Delic Epigram.

THUS spoke old hum'rous Bowzy from his bed,
When a late visit some rude villains made:
What seek ye here, my friends, at midnight, pray?
The d——l a thing can I see at mid-day.

From Catullus.

MY Chloe swears by all that's good
She'll never marry man but me;
But female protestations shou'd
Be written on the wind or sea.

FROM ANACREON.

YOU the fate of Phrygia's town
Sing, my friend; and I my own:
Me no ships that cross'd the main,
Me nor horse nor foot have slain;
But an army strange that lies
Skulking in Aurelia's eyes.

Imitations from Horace.

HORACE

BOOK IV. ODE 10.

O Think my too, too cruel fair,
Old age those beauties will impair;
A few short-pleasing triumphs past,
Themselves shall fall a prey at last.
That cheek where fairest red and white,
The lily and the rose unite;
That cheek its every charm shall lose,
Like a brown leaf at Autumn's close.
Then shall the glass thy change betray;
Then shalt thou fetch a sigh and say,
Why came not these kind thoughts before?
Or why return my charms no more.

Epistle to a Friend,

ON HIS

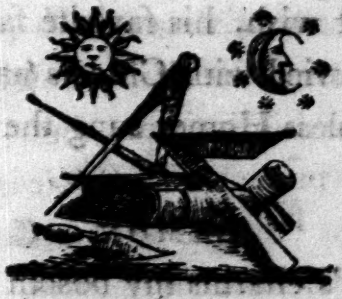
RETURN FROM GLASGOW COLLEGE.

HORACE

BOOK II. ODE 7.

O Far my best and dearest friend,
Brought with me oft to thy wits end
Beneath our late commander Yates,
And art thou safe? how kind the Fates!
With thee the tedious Summer day
I've shortned many a time with play;
And many a time the Winter night
Have quicken'd in its tardy flight.
Together, in pursuit of knowledge,
We trudg'd as far as Glasgow College;
Together, tired with logic frays,
We threw down arms and march'd our ways.
Me with officious hand convey'd
The Muse to Seb'ram's peaceful shade;

Thee, hapless friend, thy cruel star
Hurried again to scenes of war:
But safe at last; thy weary brain
Enliven with a merry strain;
Smooth thy sad brows into a smile,
And with a glass thy cares beguile:
See, how it laughs—the liquor—see!
O'erjoy'd at thy return like me:
Spare not what was design'd thee—come—
A thousand times thou'rt welcome home.
Sobriety must bid adieu;
There's no avoiding madness now:
Ye Gods indulge me in a grain;
I've got my friend safe home again!



HORACE

BOOK III. ODE 9.

Damon and Chloe.

DAMON.

WHILST round that ready neck of thine
My welcome arms were wont to twine,
Of every nobler joy possess'd,
I pity'd Cæsar poorly blest.

CHLOE.

Whilst Chloe was her Damon's care
His fondest wish, his fav'rite fair;
Not Helen vied with Chloe's name
Tho' deathless Homer sung the dame.

DAMON.

Now Bella's charms my bosom fire,
Bella's harmonious voice and lyre:
This life with ease I cou'd resign;
If this, dear maid, might ransom thine.

CHLOE.

And Strephon has all Chloe now,
Strephon, dear object of her vow;
A death, a double death I'd dare,
If pitying Fates wou'd Strephon spare.

DAMON.

But what if gentle love shou'd deign
To re-unite the broken chain;
Shou'd Bella from my bosom tear,
And re-establish Chloe there?

CHLOE.

Than Phosphorus though fairer he,
Thou false and furious as the sea;
Yet trust me, Damon, trust me, I
With thee cou'd live, with thee cou'd die.

HORACE

BOOK II. ODE 26.

TELL me, my fair-one, why so fast
From a fond lover's arms you run?
Why with that tim'rous, cruel haste,
His tenderest endearments shun?

So flies the Fawn, perplex'd with fear,
When from its anxious parent stray'd;
It starts at every breath of air,
And trembles with the trembling shade.

So flies the Fawn, my fair-one, so;
But think what diff'rent causes move;
It wisely dreads a mortal foe,
You fondly are afraid of love.

Cease then, dear trifler, cease to toy;
Those silly, childish airs resign;
Now fit to taste substantial joy,
Quit Mamma's cold embrace for mine.

HORACE

BOOK I. ODE 27.

SIT down—'tis a scandal for Christians to fight,
See, how the wine blushes asham'd at the sight!
Come, lay by your logic, let each take a glass;
In vino (the proverb affirms) veritas.

Is mine the first bumper, then Damon your toast,
Say, what pretty charmer your soul has engross'd?
What a-deuce, do you scruple? unless you'll comply,
I'll not touch a drop on't, no marry not I.

Make haste then—good Gods! is it she? O the quean!
A pert little tyrant as ever was seen!
What magic can loose thee? Alas! thou must hope
No freedom from chains—till releas'd by a rope.

In the CUMBERLAND MANNER and DIALECT.

HORACE

BOOK I. ODE 8.

It's wrang indeed now, Jenny, white,
To spoil a lad sae rare;
The gams 'at yence were his delyte
Peer Jacky minds nae mair.

Nae mair he cracks the leave o' th' green,
The cliverest far abuin;
But lakes at wait-not-what's wuthin
Aw Sunday efter-nuin.

Nae mair i' th' nights thro' woods he leads,
To treace the wand'rin brock;
But sits i' th' nuik and nought else heeds
But Jenny and her rock.

Thus Harculus, 'at (ballats say)
Meade parlish monsters stoop,
Flang his great mikle club away,
And tuik a spinnel up.

HORACE

BOOK I. ODE 11.

PR'YTHEE Damon don't molest
With futurity thy breast;
Has not present life enow
Cares and toils to struggle thro'?

Fortune-tellers never mind;
Fortune-tellers all are blind:
Or suppose they cou'd foresee,
Pray what better wou'd one be?

If great blessings must ensue,
Life is dull and tedious now:
And if troubles must befall,
Present joys are worthless all.

Lay those anxious thoughts aside,
Take now what the Gods provide;
Now, for trust me, tho' not dumb,
There's no trusting what's to come.

THE END.

A GLOSSARY.

A

ABUIN, above
ae, a or one
aither, each
aleis! alas!
amang, among
anudder, another
arr, ſcar or mark
'at, that
atween, between
aw, all
Awhallow-Even, All-Saints Eve
awruddy, already.

B

BAITH, both
a *Ballat*, a Ballad
bauldly, boldly
to *bay*, to bend
a *Beck*, a Rivulet or ſmall Brook
beelded, builded
to *bide*, to bear or abide
the Big, the Barley
blake, a yellowiſh golden colour
bluim, bloom
bluid, blood
boilen, boiling
bonny, pretty
bowſter, pillow
braſt, burſt
to *brek*, to break
a *brock*, a badger
to *bruil*, to broil
a *buik*, a book
buſſes, buſhes
bworn, born.

C

CALLAR, cool
Carrack, a mountain that appears at a diſtance, by which, when the Sun appears over it, the country people compute the time of the day

tauld, cold
caw, call
caw't, call it
chyne, chain
claiſe, cloaths
claver'd, clambered
cled, clad
to *cleck*, to catch or ſnatch away
com, came
cockwebs, cobwebs
cowren, crouching
to *crack*, to challenge
cud, could
cuil, cool
Cupy, Cupid
Curſenmaſs, Chriſtmas
Curſty, Chriſtopher
cworn, corn.

D

TO *dadge*, to walk danglingly.
deail, a narrow plot of ground in a common field, ſet out by landmarks
de, do
Ded, Dad
to *deſs*, to lay carefully together
diſpert, deſperate
dree, long, tedious beyond expectation
dubler, platter
duim, doom
the Duce, the Devil or an evil ſpirit
duin, done
dwallow'd, wither'd.

E

EEN, eyes
eſternuin, afternoon
eith, eaſy
enquear, enquire.

F

FANCY, a ribband, a prize for dancers
fardin, a farthing,
faſh me, trouble myſelf
fawn, fallen
faw't, fall it or befall it
feace, face
fearfu' fearful, ſometimes very
feckleſs, feeble, inſignificant, without effect
a *fell*, a mountain
the *fleer*, the floor
to *flyre*, to laugh by way of ridicule
forrat, forward
frae, from
full drive, full ſpeed
furſt, firſt
fuil, fool
fworc'd, forc'd.

G

GAMS, games
to *gang*, to go
to *gar*, to make, cauſe or force
to *gaſh*, to cut
gawn, going

geane, gone
gitten, got or gotten
a *gliff*, a tranſient view
to *glime*, to look aſkance
to *glop*, to ſtare
Grandy, Grandmother
growen, growing
grund, ground
guid, good
gurſin, paſture.

H

TO *hark*, to whiſper and liſten
Harculus, Hercules
hauld, hold
heame, home
hed, had
to *hell*, to pour
to *herry*, to rob
holeſome, wholeſome

I

I'LL, will
ingle, fire
I's, I'm.

K

KEASE, caſe
to *keſt*, to caſt
to *keſt a loop*, to knit
King Gweorges, King George's half-pence
Kits, pails.

L

TO *lait*, to ſeek
to *lake*, to play
lall, little
lang, long
langſome, long, tedious
lave, all the reſt
leatly, lately
to *lee*, to lie
leeve, to live
leave, v. *lave*
to *lig*, to lay
lile, little
to *lowp*, to leap
lows'd, looſed
to *luik*, to look
luikt, looked
luive, love
lwonin, lane
Lword, Lord.

M

MAISTER, Maſter or Schoolmaſter
maks, makes
mare, more
meade, made
to *meake*, to make
mean, moan
to *mean*, to bemoan
a *mell*, a beetle, ſignifies here the hindmoſt, from a cuſtom at Horſe-races of giving a mell or beetle to the hindmoſt. Hence they call the hindmoſt the *mell*.
mens'd, graced or decorated
mony, many
ment, mixed or mingled
mickle, much
moam, mellow.

mud, might or muſt
mun, muſt
mudder, mother
muins, moons
murry, merry
morrow, morn or morrow.

N

NAETHING, nothing
neakt, naked
neame, name
neen, nine
neeſt, next
nin, none
nuik, chimney-corner.

O

TO *ondergang*, undergo
own'd, fated or deſtined
owr, over.

P

PARFET, perfect, entire
parliſh, perilous
peer, poor
pezz, peaſe
pleace, place
pleaguy, plaguy
powen, pulling
powt, pulled
pra'tha', prythee
pruive, prove.

R

REACE, Race
reed, *reeder*, red, redder
rock, diſtaff
ruddily, readily.

S

SACKLESS, innocent, faultleſs
ſae, ſo
ſair, ſore
ſairy, poor, innocent
ſall, ſhall
to *ſcawd*, to ſcald or boil
ſchuil, ſchool
ſcrawlen, ſprawling
ſcy' ſcythe
ſeave, *ſeav'd*, ſave, ſaved
ſeck a, ſuch a
ſeer, ſure
ſeevy-cap, cap made of ruſhes
ſell, ſelf
ſheerers, reapers
ſhem, ſhame
ſhally-wally, a ſign of contempt
ſhoon, ſhoes
ſhowder, ſhoulder
ſimmer, ſummer
ſin, ſince
ſindry, ſundry
ſineways, ſundry ways
to *ſlap*, to beat
ſleely, ſlily
to *ſlinge*, to go creepingly away, as aſhamed
to *ſmurk*, to ſmile
ſnafflen, ſauntering
ſpelder'd, ſpell'd
ſpinnels, ſpindles
ſtang, ſting

ſtound, pain or ſmart
ſtrean ſtrain
ſtint, uſual meaſure
ſtummer'd ſtumbled
ſud, ſhould
ſuir, ſure
ſweels of laughter, ſwells or burſts of laughter.

T

TEE, too
thame, them
thar, them
thoom, thumb
thur, theſe
to *treace*, to trace
trod, foot-path
tuith, tooth
twea, two.

V

VARMENT, vermin
venterſome, raſh, adventurous.

W

WAE, woe
wad, would
wait, wot
wandren, wandring
war, worſe
war't, laid out or expended
wark, work or buſineſs
wap'd, wrapt
watter, water
waws, walls
wee, a diminutive
weel, well
to *weſh*, to waſh
whaes, whoſe
whiews, flies haſtily
white, quite
whore, where
willy-wands, willows
wittenly, wottingly, deſignedly
to *won*, to dwell or inhabit
wood, mad
wondren, wondring
wramp, ſprain
wrang, wrong
wud, with.

Y

YEN, one
yence, once
yell, whole.

End of Glossary.

BRITISH MUSEUM

End of Glossary.